I Wanna Be Yours

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/50317147.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	แฟนผมเป็นประธานนักเรียน | My School President (TV 2022) RPF, Midnight Series: Moonlight Chicken พระจันทร์มันไก่ | Moonlight Chicken (TV) RPF, Thai Actor RPF
Relationship:	Fourth Nattawat Jirochtikul/Gemini Norawit Titicharoenrak
Characters:	Fourth Nattawat Jirochtikul, Gemini Norawit Titicharoenrak, cameos of:, Satang Kittiphop Sereevichayasawat
Additional Tags:	Friends to Lovers, they're both 19 here!, Fluff, Light Angst, Overthinking, blame FotFot's mind, Idiots in Love, Oblivious Gemini, Pining Fourth, Mutual Pining, (Just. Gemini doesn't know he's pining), Flustered Gem, Gemini being an absolute dork, whipped fourth, (Gem is also whipped tbh), they're both morons in love and don't know it, someone please save satang from them, satang as fourth's bestie, (besides gem!), Kissing, Making Out, all types of kissing, they just want an excuse to kiss at some point tbh, I Wrote This Instead of Sleeping, (yet again. someone help), Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Non-Sexual Intimacy, Warm and Fuzzy Feelings
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-09-25 Completed: 2024-09-15 Words: 44,842 Chapters: 6/6

I Wanna Be Yours

by dorkygem

Summary

> “So, I was thinking that we should practice that too,” Gemini says, rolling over on his side to look at Fourth. “Like our own private workshops, maybe.”
>
> Fourth quirks an eyebrow, curious. “Practice what?”
>
> “Kissing.”

OR: Fourth and Gemini practice kissing for their new series. What can go wrong by playing with fire?

Anything You Want

Chapter Notes

hi. again askjdlj -- will my obsession with naming my fics after songs ever stop? stay tuned! :D

someone please help me. i can't stop writing about geminifourth TT--TT again, as a disclaimer, this was only made for fun !!!!!!

anyways. as always, english is not my first language so i apologize in advance for the grammar mistakes!! enjoy this silly mess <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

They're in Fourth's room. It's one of those rare, *rare* times they both have free time; their work schedules overlapping until the weekend.

Gem wanted to hang out, arguing—or, rather, *sulking*—that he was the *only one* that hadn't visited Fourth's new condo.

(Which. Not true. There were a lot of friends that hadn't visited Fourth's new condo either. And the only reason Gemini hadn't been there yet was because of his busy schedule, not because he wasn't invited.

But Gem looked quite adorable when he was sulking, and Fourth wasn't really that good at saying no to him when he was like that.)

So, Fourth took on the offer of being driven home by him after college, and now they were quietly lying around. Or more like—*Fourth* was quietly lying on his bed while Gem alternated between munching on some snacks Fourth bought for him and rambling about P'Nont's new single.

"I think if he ever does a collab with Jeff Satur I'll die," Gemini gushes.

Fourth chuckles.

He looks so—*snuggly,* for lack of a better word, when he's being like this—just rambling about the things he adores so much, bare-faced and fluffy, messy hair falling over his eyes, wearing one of his usual oversized t-shirts. Fourth has the weird urge to cuddle him. And, well, Gemini was quite clingy, yes, but Fourth doesn't think he'd leave Fourth just cuddle him out of nowhere and for no apparent reason, so he doesn't offer.

Gemini *did* give the best hugs, though.

“Oh god, I’ll seriously die,” Gemini says, like he’s actually hearing P’Jeff and P’Nont voices combined on his head.

Fourth hums, smiling. “Which song would you like them to cover together?”

Gemini’s eyes go wide open. Fourth can see the myriad of choices flying over his head, like he has too many he can’t process all of them.

He starts listing them off and goes on like that for a couple of minutes after reaching a different topic.

“I was thinking,” he says. “Remember how I got that high note I wanted after practicing for around a month?”

“Yes,” Fourth nods. “You’re really good.”

Gemini smiles—a mix of proud and shy like every time Fourth compliments him.

“Well,” he continues, looking up at the ceiling. “It’s the same about acting, right? Like, with workshops and all.”

“Mhm.”

“So, I was thinking that we should practice that too,” he says, rolling over on his side and looking now at Fourth. “Like our own private workshops, maybe.”

Fourth quirks an eyebrow, curious. “Practice what?”

“Kissing.”

Fourth presses his lips together and snorts until it becomes a full-on boisterous laugh.

After a moment, he looks back at Gem—like he always does when he’s laughing, because his best friend tended to laugh just as much as him, and Gem’s laughter was really nice and contagious too—and that’s when he realizes he’s actually *not* laughing with Fourth. Not even *giggling*.

“Oh,” Fourth blinks, holding his stomach. “You’re being serious.”

Gem frowns, mouth pouty. “Don’t laugh at me.”

Fourth shakes his head.

“No, no, I’m not, it’s just…” he sits down, trying to order his thoughts. “Uhh. It was out of nowhere…? How long have you been thinking about it?”

“…A while,” he mumbles back.

Fourth arches both eyebrows.

"*Hngh*. Don't look at me like that!" Gem whines, pointing an accusatory finger at his face. "I just want to do good. It's obvious you have more experience than me on that, so *of course* you're not worried you might be bad at it."

"I don't—" Fourth starts, but thinks better of it as he decides to state something different. He frowns, "You *know* how to kiss."

Gemini shoots him a Look. "I very much don't, Fourth."

Fourth rolls his eyes. "You did great last time!"

"I don't want to do *just great*," Gem grumbles, jutting out his bottom lip. "I want to *improve*. I know I can do better than that."

Fourth opens his mouth, but before he can say anything else, Gem continues—

"We'll obviously kiss in the next series. Probably a lot more than on the last one," he says. "I just don't want to be awkward and ruin the filming."

Oh. So it's about that.

Suddenly, he feels seventeen again, watching his best friend stress over his first main lead role and whether his acting was good enough, always trying to goof around so people wouldn't know he was rather worried about his skills.

Fourth's eyes go soft. "You won't do that, Gem."

"I just don't think I can do everything they ask me to, you know? I want to do a good job."

"I get you, but—"

But.

The thing is—when Fourth thinks about it, it's not exactly that he's… *opposed* to the idea. That is—Gem and him have kissed before, and it was— it wasn't *bad*. Fourth wasn't lying when he told him he was a good kisser. Sure, Gemini kissed like an inexperienced person, all clumsy and tentative and experimental, but it was rather cute. And he was really soft and warm, and smelled really nice.

Plus, Gemini was right. They would—very probably—have more kissing scenes in the next series, and some of them could demand being more… than just a peck.

Fourth couldn't really blame him for being anxious about being French-kissed for the first time with a million cameras and strangers around to witness it. Having your best friend's tongue on your throat was probably already awkward enough, even worse if there were tons of staff around.

So, *yes*… it was probably for the better if they practiced before. It would help to improve their chemistry too, and they would know how to go at it without talking too much about it on set.

The thing is—Fourth can joke around, and try to peck Gemini all the time to get those flustered, adorable reactions from him, but kissing—*actually* kissing, alone, in Fourth's room, away from curious eyes…

It felt… *intimate*. Like something Fourth wasn't allowed to do. He didn't know if he was crossing some boundaries he shouldn't. The least thing he wants is to hurt Gemini in the process.

"Oi," Gem pokes his cheek. "Earth to FotFot!"

Fourth blinks down at his friend. "Eh?"

Gemini huffs. "You're overthinking."

"I'm not," he blatantly lies.

"I *know* you, you're *always* overthinking," he says, gesturing vaguely. "Why do you stress about it? It'll be fine."

"*Gem*—"

"You were the one who said kissing wasn't a big deal," he reminds him.

"I know, but—" Fourth presses his lips together. "Are you sure you're comfortable with us kissing off-camera?"

Gemini quirks an eyebrow. "Says the guy that keeps giving me pecks every time he feels like it."

"I'm talking about *real* kissing here," Fourth says. "Won't you feel uncomfortable?"

"Don't think so," Gemini shrugs. "I don't find it uncomfortable when you give me pecks."

Fourth tries to bite down on the smile that threatens to curl up on his lips, but it's too late—Gemini is already frowning.

"Don't give me that look," he grunts, embarrassed.

"No, no, it's just—" Fourth says, the hint of a chuckle bubbling up his throat. He tilts his head, leaning over to be closer to Gem. "This will be different, you know?"

"I don't think so, it's just the same," Gemini shrugs again. "But if it makes you feel any better—if I or you feel uncomfortable with the situation, we can always stop. I know you'll stop if I tell you so. So what's the problem?"

Fourth is really not sure about this.

Gemini stares at Fourth for a couple of seconds before recurring to his last resort—being silly about it. He throws his hands in the air, an over the-top sigh puffing out of his lips as he lies down on Fourth's pillow.

“Ah. I thought you were proud about being my first kiss, don’t you want to kiss me anymore?”

He’s using that tone—the goofy one, the one that always brings a smile to Fourth’s face.

“Why are you being dramatic now, dumbass?” Fourth laughs.

Ah. He’s gonna regret this later, isn’t he?

“Yeah, okay, fine.”

Gem cracks his neck back at him, eyes wide open. Fourth arches both eyebrows.

“I said *okay*,” he says again, “Let’s do it then.”

“Really?” Gem squeaks.

“Yeah,” Fourth fidgets, still overthinking. “If it’ll make you feel at ease at filming…”

“Oh hoh!” Gem offers him a fist-bump, grinning. “Thank you very much, my bro.”

Fourth smiles, feeling ironic. Wasn’t that a very eloquent phrase to say before kissing your best friend? It was sort of a ‘i’ll kiss you, no homo’ and it’d be comical if he wasn’t getting increasingly terrified about this.

“So,” he licks his lips. “How exactly do you want to do this?”

“Dunno,” Gem says, unbothered. “Just teach me how to kiss.”

“You’re treating it like I’m an expert, Gem,” Fourth snickers. “I’m definitely not.”

“But last time you were very good—” Gemini says, apparently before he can think it better. A second after, he realizes what he just said, so he splutters a, “I meant—like, like… you looked like you knew what you were doing!”

He’s starting to blush, and Fourth shoots him a shit-eating grin.

“Oh, really?” he teases.

“Ai’Fot!” Gemini yelps, throwing a pillow at his face. “You made me say something embarrassing!”

Fourth laughs.

“*Daww*, sorry, sorry,” he coos, like every time he’s trying to comfort him. “I’m just messing with you, you’re cute.”

“Shut up,” Gem retorts, with the tone he uses every time Fourth is being flirty on camera.

“Glad to know you liked that kiss,” Fourth’s grin doesn’t waver.

“Shut *up*,” Gemini says again, kicking him on the shin.

Fourth laughs again. “Sorry, sorry,” he says, still smiling.

Gem squints at him. Fourth huffs a last chuckle and then hums, pensive as he looks back at Gemini.

“I honestly don’t know how to teach you, though.”

Gemini seems like he wants a lesson about it, but Fourth doesn’t exactly have *tips*. The ones he knows, he’d gave them to Gemini back then—*open your mouth, don’t do it too wide, relax* —

“I think you just sort of… get it after a few times?”

Gem rolls his eyes. “*Okay*, Mr. *Experience*,” he mocks, “*Show* me, then. *I’ll get it after a few times*,” he says, mimicking Fourth’s words.

“So eager,” Fourth teases. “Weren’t you really shy last time?”

“*Fourth*,” Gem grumbles.

“Okay, okay,” Fourth smiles, amused.

It’s true, though. Gem seems a bit tad too demanding on the subject, especially for someone that dissolves into a shy puddle every time Fourth as much as gets at kissing-distance to him.

Maybe it’s the fact that they’re alone. Gem is always clingier when they’re alone.

“Umm,” Fourth lies down again, flopping back on his stomach and looking down at Gemini, who’s lying at Fourth’s side over his back. “I think it’s more about the feeling?” he says, mulling it over. “Try to go along and follow what the other person is doing.”

“That’s too abstract,” Gemini complains.

“I just—” Fourth huffs. “It’s about what feels good on the moment—”

“That’s not it,” Gem shakes his head. “If I try something weird or unusual because I think it ‘feels good on the moment’, you’re gonna make fun of me—”

“I won’t,” Fourth says. “This is a safe space.”

Maybe it’s the tone with which he says it, but Gemini narrows his eyes, wary.

“You don’t sound sincere.”

“I *am*,” Fourth insists, and reaches out to tap Gem’s cheek. “Really.”

Fourth’s tone must be more convincing this time, because Gemini doesn’t refute him anymore.

To be fair, Fourth doesn't have any mind to make fun of him. He can and will do it anytime, sure, but not when it matters. And, judging by Gemini's apprehensive behavior, *this* is important to him. Fourth will always try to be a safe-zone to Gem in this sort of things, as much as he's been to Fourth with singing and interviews and fan events, every time since they started this journey and Fourth was a shy mess around new people and very much not confident in his singing and dancing skills. Gem has been a whole support system—being patience with him, guiding him, practicing with him—always with a hand on Fourth's back and a smile on his face and reassuring words at the tip of his tongue, like 'don't worry' or 'you're doing fine' or 'you're very talented' or silly faces that would make him laugh any time he's tired.

He wants this to work. He wants to make Gem happy; as happy as he makes Fourth.

So he'll try his best.

Fourth supports himself on his elbows at Gem's side, leans down and stretches his neck so their faces are aligned. Staring into Gem's warm eyes, he can feel Gem's breath stuttering on his throat.

Fourth tilts his head.

"And like I said last time, *relax*," he says, softly. "It's not a big deal. Breathe."

Gem looks extremely small lying down on Fourth's bed, for some reason—hair spread all over Fourth's pillow like a fluffy halo around his head, eyes earnest and fluttering everywhere across Fourth's face.

"Breathe," Gemini repeats, like he's trying to convince himself to do it.

Fourth offers him a gentle smile. "Yup."

Gemini's eyelashes are so ridiculously long. Not that Fourth hasn't noticed before—he's looked at Gem's face too many times he could tell every curve just by his fingertips, eyes closed. He probably knows it better than his own face—the mole under his eye, the dimple on his right cheek, the spread of fading freckles across the slope of his nose, the way his eyes crinkle in the corners when he smiles, toothy and boyish.

So. Yup. Not that he hasn't noticed, but at this distance, Fourth can see them *very* clearly. He doesn't think he's ever been this close to Gem, in the quiet of one's room and away from intrusive eyes.

"If you don't breathe before the kiss," Fourth says, "You won't last long."

"Mmm," Gem hums, mumbling. "Noted."

"Oh," Fourth utters, as he remembers. "And don't hurry. I guess most people think it looks more wild and hot and passionate if they kiss, like, really aggressive on camera? But I feel like it looks more desperate than anything. It'd be good on certain scenes, but on most, it's better to do it slow."

“Slow,” Gem repeats, attentive.

“Mhm,” Fourth says, leaning forward so they’re closer. “Take your time, okay? I’m not hurrying you.”

“Slow,” Gem says yet again, like he’s starting to malfunction and that’s the only thing he can say.

“Yes…” Fourth says, tentative, voice low and vibrating under his throat. He feels as if he talks any louder, he’d scare Gem. They’re so close he doesn’t even need to talk any louder for Gem to hear him either.

“Besides, if you do it slow, you feel it more—the person kissing you, their body against you, their lips on yours,” he reaches out to brush Gem’s bangs behind his ear, gently. “It’s better to feel everything around you than doing it sloppy and not feeling it at all. It won’t get emotions across, especially on a scene.”

Gem stares.

“You know a lot,” he says after a moment, then squints. “How many people have you kissed?”

“Pfft,” Fourth snorts, amused. “Are you jealous?”

“*No*,” Gem says, in a very exaggerated tone.

For some reason, it makes Fourth’s heart happy. Gem being sort of possessive with him is… surprisingly comforting. It’s nice to feel like you’re special to someone. And then again, whiny Gem is really cute.

“It doesn’t matter,” Fourth says, “I really liked kissing *you*.”

“You’re saying that to make me feel better.”

“Not at all,” Fourth smiles. “You have really pretty lips. I’m sure many people have told you that.”

He gets the expected reaction, with Gemini’s cheeks blushing faintly, “Mmn.”

“They’re also really soft and warm, it’s nice. A shame they don’t know that,” Fourth continues, mercilessly. “Also, you’re being really attentive right now,” his grin twists coquettishly. “*Such* a good student.”

Gem opens his mouth, then closes it. Then all over again.

“That sounded like flirting,” he finally says.

Fourth is not sure which part he’s referring to, but it’s not like he can refute him, so…

“It’s always better to kiss after flirting,” he says.

“You just say that because you *love* flirting,” Gemini accuses.

With you, Fourth thinks. But that’s only because Gemini’s reactions to Fourth’s flirting will always be the best thing to witness.

“Want me to lead?” he asks instead.

“Mmn,” Gem hums. “I think so.”

“’kay…” Fourth tilts his head to the side. “Won’t you close your eyes?”

Gemini breathes in, deep. “Okay.”

Fourth hums, hovering over him and watching as Gemini does as he’s told, fluttering his eyes closed. He frowns slightly, lips pressed together, expectant.

Fourth moves closer, hair falling on Gem’s forehead.

“That tickles,” he mumbles, scrunching up his nose.

Fourth can’t help it and starts laughing.

“You’re so focused,” he says, looking fondly at his best friend.

Gemini opens his eyes again, glancing back at him with a frown.

“*Ai’Fot*,” he grunts, flicking two fingers on his forehead to get back Fourth’s attention. “Get on with it already!”

Fourth chuckles. “Sorry. It’s just, you’re—”

“Don’t say cute.”

“—very cute,” he finishes, grinning.

Gem huffs. “*Oi*.”

“What? You are,” Fourth giggles. “Close your eyes.”

“*Fourth*,” Gemini seems to be done with the teasing, lifting up his hands to wrap his arms behind Fourth’s neck. Then, he pulls him down. It’s hard enough for Fourth to stumble—in his new position, he’s now caging Gemini’s head between his arms, being pulled down by Gem’s hands.

“Just kiss me,” Gemini says, in a tone that sends an electric thrill down Fourth’s back.

Oh.

Okay.

He’s suddenly very serious about this, ducking his head down as he feels Gem tilting his chin up to meet him halfway, eyes fluttering closed.

He’s overwhelmingly warm, that’s Fourth’s first thought—from his lips to his chest bumping against Fourth’s, to the fingertips slowly making his way into Fourth’s nape.

He’s also as soft as he remembered, and breathing deeply sinks Fourth into Gem’s saccharine smell.

He doesn’t taste like anything in particular—but Gem’s lips are welcoming and pleasingly sweet, all tender skin gently pushing back against Fourth.

He’s so soft.

Fourth breaks apart slightly, thumb tracing over Gem’s bottom lip slowly in the tiny space between their mouths.

“Open your mouth for me,” Fourth asks in a low voice, and Gem looks at him through half-lidded eyes as he does just as he’s told, shaky exhale bubbling out from his throat.

Fourth sucks experimentally on Gem’s upper lip then, pulling at it gently, just as he did back then but a bit harder, and relishes in the way it feels between his mouth—full and mellow.

Gem curls his fingers into his hair, pulling him down as he tries to mimic Fourth’s move with Fourth’s bottom lip.

He’s *good*, Fourth thinks, smiling into the kiss as he lets Gem trace down the corner of his mouth into his.

Fourth thumbs at Gem’s pulse, rippling against his neck as Fourth rubs comforting circles at the curve under Gem’s jaw to deepen the kiss, Gemini arching up slightly into Fourth’s body, melting down like marshmallows into hot chocolate.

He’s *so warm*— Fourth can feel it even through his clothes, pouring from every single one of his pores.

He spreads his other hand across bare skin, suddenly getting the need of more contact—barely brushing under Gemini’s shirt to feather-touch over Gem’s collarbone.

And then— Gem does *this*. Maybe it’s a response of being touched and being extremely sensitive about it, or maybe he just felt like it, Fourth doesn’t know.

The thing is— he *pulls* at Fourth’s hair. It’s not hard enough to hurt, but hard enough to *feel* it into his bones, and Fourth’s mind buzzes with blank noise as he discovers that it actually feels *good*— an aching, thundering giddiness tickling every fiber of his skin, a shudder running down his spine as he feels Gem’s hands ruin his hair, curling up against his scalp and playing with the strands between needy fingers. Not only that, but as Fourth breathes in, mouth breaking open, Gem thinks it’s a good idea to *nibble*.

He catches Fourth's bottom lip between his teeth, gracing over the skin as he bites down and pulls back gently, the tip of his tongue softly wet against the dip of Fourth's mouth.

Fourth's mind gets blurry, spinning at the blood rushing to his head with the sudden move.

Fourth presses down back— maybe something about his impulsive side, or the competitive one, but he tentatively sticks out his tongue to trail over Gem's bottom lip in response, carefully drawing it with the tip and tasting it up just between Gem's mouth, careful not to go too deep in case it'd make Gem uncomfortable.

Gem tastes salty, as the snacks he was eating before—but also cherry and sugary, of the candies he kept dissolving into his mouth on his car, on the way to Fourth's condo.

It's nice—familiar in a way, exhilarating in other—a mix of emotions bubbling up into his chest and waving under his ribcage.

Then, after one final suck at Gem's upper lip, he finally steps back, slowly, lips tingling, the remnant of the tender contact of Gemini's mouth against his still itching in his whole body.

Gemini lets out a breathless sound, eyes fluttering open to look at Fourth through a dazed glance, nose and cheeks dusting a pretty shade of red, chest heaving with every single breath he takes.

He looks—*kissed*. All cherry-red lips and starry-eyed, disheveled and absolutely *messy*.

The air between them shifts—charged and vibrant with a magnetic force that Fourth is unable to explain.

It's weird—looking down at Gem, feeling him breathe under him, blinking his eyes up shyly at Fourth—Fourth feels his chest swell with so much affection he might choke on it. A mix of fondness and something he can't name ten times stronger hit him full force, and he keeps staring at Gem until Gemini comes to his senses again and rolls over, escaping from the trap under Fourth's body to lie over his stomach instead, hiding his blushing face from Fourth's avid eyes, burying himself into Fourth's fluffy pillow.

Suddenly, that weird thing pulling at his heartstring stops, and Fourth starts chuckling as he lies down at Gemini's side.

"So?" he asks, patting Gem's back. "You feel like you learned something?"

"Mmmn."

Fourth huffs a laugh. "Are you embarrassed?"

"Ahhh," Gemini utters, still not looking at Fourth. "Absolutely no."

Fourth laughs again. "Why are you shy? You're the one who bit me."

Gemini yelps, cracking his neck around to look at Fourth. He still doesn't sit down, though, plastered on Fourth's bed as if he could hide his still red cheeks.

“I didn’t *bite* you!”

“That seemed like biting,” Fourth counters, touching his bottom lip with his index finger. Gem follows the movement before he blinks his eyes up to Fourth’s nose instead.

Fourth grins, like the Cheshire cat. “Are you into that?”

“Oh, shut up,” Gemini grunts, turning his face away again.

“Should I do it with you next time?”

Fourth might be teasing, but something inside him is actually curious.

Gem is not having it, though—grunting something incoherent before reaching out and throwing Fourth’s Snoopy plush into Fourth’s chest.

Fourth laughs again, strangely bubbly for some reason. “Joking, joking.”

“Hmph.”

Fourth pokes Gem’s back.

“It wasn’t bad, don’t worry,” he says.

After a couple of seconds, Gemini peeks at him through his hidden forth pillow, turning around yet again to glance back at Fourth.

“…Really?”

Fourth nods, sincere. “Mhm.”

Gemini rolls over, body facing the ceiling as he sighs into his hands.

“Mnhg,” he grunts. “I just don’t get used to the—feeling.”

“You’d get used to it with time,” Fourth says, careful not to add how he seriously thinks Gem’s flustered reaction is cute as hell and he’d be happy if he never gets used to it, so Fourth can be graced with witnessing it over and over again.

Gemini looks at him through the space between his fingers. “…You think so?”

“Yes,” Fourth says, bumping their shoulders together. “Cheer up.”

“Mmm,” Gem hums, then turns around to lie on his side. “Good night.”

Fourth snickers, faking surprise. “You? Sleeping at 9? Who are you?”

Gemini flips him off over his shoulder, middle finger saluting Fourth in a mocking gesture. Fourth counters Gemini’s attack with his own—a loud, sloppy kiss on Gemini’s cheek.

“Good night,” he tells him, and then scoots over his side of the bed, reaching out to turn off the lights.

(Gemini’s surprised, flustered splutter is the only reward he needs.)

In the dark, and when he has already closed his eyes, he feels Gemini shift and fidget.

“Fot,” he says, and Fourth opens his eyes only to see him hovering over him. *Wha—*

Then, in a quick movement, and before Fourth can think of anything, Gemini leans forward to peck Fourth right on the lips.

Then, as if he had won some very important competition, he shoots Fourth a delighted grin.

“Good night, my dear friend,” he singsongs, as Fourth blinks stupidly, stunned.

Ah, he thinks deep into the night, as he still can’t get a single trace of sleep. *This wasn’t a good idea, was it?*

Chapter End Notes

the end !!!!! (for now.)

as i said on my northnight fic, i'll try my best to update regularly, but as much as my job lets me! heh.

i hope you all enjoyed this! i love writing kisses so this was really fun to write. and pretty self-indulgent tbh.

if you liked it, please let me know! as always, comments are very encouraged, loved and appreciated!!! i need the serotonin boost for the week TT--TT your thoughts/opinions/lines/anything you liked is welcomed!

thank you v much for stopping by and reading this!!! remember to take care of yourselves!! ^^ ily! big kisses to your lovely foreheads!!!

(you can also find me on twitter if u want as @iluvgem4th -- i'd be very happy to have khun noo friends!!)

Sweet but Naughty

Chapter Notes

hello againnnn! ^^

thank you SO SO SO SOOO much for the comments on the first chapter :'D i'm truly so so SOOO happy you all liked this :') all the comments and support warm my heart, i was so anxious about sharing this fic, but i'm glad you're enjoying it!!! :')

anyhow. sorry for the wait!! my job has been a bit hectic these past weeks. but here it is, the second chapter! <3 have fun reading <3

(and sorry for the grammar mistakes!!!!!)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Since he was very young, Fourth was taught a lot of things.

Be respectful. Be kind. Share with others. Manage your time well. Pay attention to others. If you want something, work hard for it. Always do your best.

That is, to this day, he knew that everything his mother had told him brought him where he was today and that it *actually* helped.

So, he was a firm believer of being disciplined. Being hard-working was the way he knew how to do things; studying and practicing would make him improve, and so he did.

Which meant— if he wanted to teach Gemini how to kiss, he needed to do research. *Study*.

“A list?” asks his best friend, currently sitting on Fourth’s kitchen countertop (even after Fourth’s incessant scolding of *that is not a place to sit*—), cross-legged.

Fourth nods.

Gem chuckles, leaning back on his hands to glance amusedly at him.

“What?” Fourth blinks.

“Oh, nothing,” Gem cocks his head to the side, grinning. “Sometimes I forget nong FotFot is a nerd.”

He uses the same teasing tone he does when Fourth is doing something Gemini finds endearing (like poke his own cheek or pull up his bangs in apple-hair, as their fans allegedly called it)—like he’s equally parts amused and fond of him.

Fourth huffs, which only makes Gem's grin grow wider—he *adores* when Fourth is sulking.

"I just think it should be helpful," he points out.

Gem hums. "You want me to make a list of things I wanna try out with the kissing stuff."

Fourth nods again. "So I can know where you want to go with this."

After long, deep, careful thought, Fourth concluded it's easier like this—to have rules; what is allowed, what isn't. To have something to guide himself on, and not just impulsively go at it without thinking beforehand.

"I haven't given it much thought, though," Gemini shrugs. "I just want to know how to do it."

"There should be things you want to try," Fourth insists. "If you write them down, we can tick the boxes one by one."

Gemini quirks both eyebrows, "Like some kind of errand list?"

If you put it like that, it sounds dumb, Fourth thinks sullenly. It feels as if Fourth just wants to end up with this and move on—which, not really. He just doesn't want to mess up.

"Or a bucket list…?" he tries.

Gemini probably catches on his tone. He always does.

He makes this noise—the one he makes when Fourth starts worrying too much and doesn't really take himself into account.

"What about what *you* want, then?" he scrunches up his nose. "Don't *you* want to try something out?"

"That doesn't matter," Fourth shakes his head. "We're doing this to help *you*."

Gem doesn't seem to like that phrase either.

"But we're *two* people," he frowns, crossing his arms as he looks at Fourth like a kid trying to reason with his parents why he wants a brand-new toy. "Isn't it supposed to feel nice for *both* of us?"

"I get what you're saying, but…"

I don't want to mess up, Fourth thinks anxiously. *I* really *don't want to mess up*.

Gem huffs.

"*Okay*, I have one," he concedes, then vaguely gestures at Fourth's hands. "Write it down, dear friend."

Fourth blinks.

Oh. Good. That was easier than he thought.

“Write,” Gem instructs, and pointedly emphasizes every single word he says next, like he’s waiting for Fourth to type it down on his phone. “*Make-Fourth-feel-good*.”

After hearing the whole sentence and properly processing it in his head, Fourth looks up, bewildered, then stares dumbly at Gemini for a moment before he starts snickering.

“Oh?” he teases, still chuckling.

“*That*—” Gemini squeaks, spluttering as Fourth laughs at him, “That sounded different in my head! B-But still, I—” he makes an incoherent noise, moving as if to kick Fourth on the hip so he stops laughing. “Ai’Fot, *you*—”

“Sorry, sorry,” Fourth grins, lifting up both hands as Gemini’s cheeks dust a pretty shade of red.

He’s *so* easy to tease (and *so* easy to get shy, too, actually—contrary to what most people’s image of him is). Fourth likes that about him.

“I just—” Gemini says, running a hand through his hair to push the bangs off his forehead. “I don’t want this to be a college class, you know?”

Fourth frowns, because that almost sounded like an insult. “College is fun.”

Gem arches both eyebrows, but seems to think it better before saying, “*This* should be fun,” he moves the palm of his hand in the space between them a couple of times, as if to point at Fourth and then at himself. “*We* can make it fun.”

Fourth looks at him, and Gemini uncrosses his legs to let them dangle from the edge of the kitchen countertop.

“Working isn’t supposed to be fun, but it is when I’m with you,” he says, suddenly gentle but also serious, sincerity written all over his features. “And if we do this, I want you to think about yourself too.”

There are a lot of things inside Fourth’s head. He doesn’t even think he can make a single coherent thought among all of them. The only thing he can make sense of in the middle of it is the warmth spreading through his chest—vibrating under his skin like a part of himself that’s never gotten away—tangible, tender, *real*. A rush of affection so familiar it’s not even shocking—it happens every time Gem worries about him.

Gemini genuinely wants Fourth to have fun with this, he *knows* this, and that’s a big reason why he’s always felt comfortable working with Gem in this kind of field. Why he’s always trusted Gem in every single aspect of their work, and why he just can *let go* when he’s around him.

However, there’s also this—underlying bad omen hovering all around his mind, tinting all the other thoughts swirling on his brain. He just can’t stop feeling like this is not a good idea—maybe it’s his instinct or something else inside himself he can’t properly name, but he just

has this feeling that *won't go away*, no matter how hard he tries. He can't shake it off since the last time they did this and he couldn't quite get a proper night of sleep later.

He's gonna mess up. There are *many ways* he can mess this up. There are *many ways* this can go *so wrong—*

He shouldn't have said yes—

"*Whoop—*" something pokes at Fourth's arm, "*Peep*. *Yoooo*."

Fourth glances down at the wooden spoon Gem is poking at him while doing weird noises.

"Earth to nong Fotfot!"

Fourth snorts. "What are you doing?"

"Sorry, can't hear you over your brain massive working!" he yells, still poking at Fourth everywhere.

"*Gem*."

He laughs. "What? I'm serious! I can see it working from here."

Fourth rolls his eyes.

"I *am* serious, friend," Gem presses on. "*Stop* overthinking. Didn't you say the other time *I* should relax?"

Fourth purses his lips together. "Well, yes…"

Gemini moves his head and arms emphatically, as if to say *"then?"* plus multiple questioning marks at the end.

"*So* relax," he says, and reaches out to tug at Fourth's sleeve. "I want you to enjoy this, too, you know?"

Gemini pulls at the fabric again in a silent request, and Fourth moves closer—unconsciously knowing what he means without verbalizing it. He steps once, twice, until he's bumping against the countertop and Gemini's legs are touching his hips.

"Stop worrying too much," he says, resting his forearms over Fourth's shoulders as he bends down slightly to look at him. "It's just me."

Gemini's eyes are so pretty; specially up close. A mix of hazelnut and honey-like, all sparkly and so very expressive and incredibly gentle; round and full of galaxies shining among them. He understands why fans like them so much; it's easy to get distracted by them.

"Just you," he says, in the quiet of his kitchen, and feels as his worries slowly melt away under Gem's closeness—as if his aura and touch brought peace to Fourth. Maybe he does. "Gemini Norawit."

"*Yay*," Gemini utters, merrily, grinning in a childlike manner that makes Fourth want to do something stupid. Maybe bite his cheek—maybe call him cute until Gem dissolves into a flustered, blushy mess. Maybe both. "That's right, Mr. Nattawat Jirochtikul."

Fourth smiles. He likes the way Gemini says his name.

"I'll do the list for you," he says, then puts up two fingers in front of Fourth's face. "On two conditions."

"It's usually just one condition."

"Don't care," Gem lifts up his chin. "There's *two*."

Fourth hums. "Which are…?"

"*One*," Gem says, tapping his index finger over Fourth's collarbone. "You should stop worrying too much."

Figured.

"*Two*," Gem adds, "You should tell me if you want to try things too."

Fourth bites down on his cheek.

"Okay," he concedes. "Sounds reasonable."

"I'm always reasonable, what are you saying," Gemini sticks out his tongue.

"Mm-hm," Fourth deadpans, which only makes Gem chuckle.

"So?" he tilts his head. "Deal?"

Fourth prods a finger into Gem's chest, solemn. "Only if you promise me to tell me if you're uncomfortable."

Gem throws his head back, "We already talked about that last time," he whines; then, he looks back at Fourth and flicks on his forehead. "Yes, *my friend*. I'll do it."

Fourth rubs on his forehead. "…Okay. Then deal."

"Good," Gem nods a single time, closing the topic for once. "So, *now*—" he says and, without missing a beat, asks in the same breath, like he was holding the question in, "What do *you* like about kisses? There must be something."

Fourth blinks, between amused and taken off guard at the sudden inquire. *So straightforward*.

"I don't know," he says, slowly. "I never thought about that."

Gemini stares at him, waiting, as if to say, *'then think about it now'*.

"I guess it's more about the person I'm with…?" Fourth tries.

Gemini's lips curl up in a teasing grin, a hint of a chuckle bubbling at the back of his throat as he talks and pokes at Fourth's cheek, "Nong Fotfot is really cheesy."

Fourth's ears grow warm; suddenly very self-conscious. He's aware that's a very cliché thing to say, but it's true.

"Hmm," Gem muses over, "You said the person. What about me?"

Fourth quirks an eyebrow, happy to redirect the teasing somewhere else. He tilts his head to the side, smirk tugging at his lips merrily. "What about you, Gem?"

Gem rolls his eyes, gently hitting him on his shoulder as he swings his legs at Fourth's sides.

"You *said* you liked kissing me the other day," he remarks. "What is it that you like about kissing *me* if you focus on the person?"

Ah.

"I don't know," he says, because he doesn't know how to put it into words.

There's a lot of things he likes about kissing Gemini specifically. The warmth. Being close to him. The small breathless noises he makes as Fourth kisses him. How clingy he gets as he's getting kissed by Fourth. The way his touch and contact make Fourth's mind a serene, calm place full of only Gemini. The way nothing else matters for a moment as they're just alone with each other. The way Fourth can just *let go* and focus on *feeling*—

The way Gem kisses so tentatively and earnest and *sweet*. The feeling of knowing no one had seen Gemini like that, no one had *been* with Gemini like that, no one had ever touched Gemini like *that*—

"I just feel comfortable and safe with you," Fourth says, finally, blinking away his wandering mind as he glances back at Gem. It's genuine, and he guesses everything he feels around Gem ultimately comes back to that—to the comfort only Gem gives him.

(It's not that he's uncomfortable with other people. It isn't. Gemini is just… different, somehow.)

Gemini blinks twice, probably taken aback by the tenderness in Fourth's voice.

Fourth doesn't really know what to do when they get to this point—he's not used to expose the vulnerability Gem gives him, and he supposes that, as much as Gem is probably very aware of it being mutual, he doesn't know how to react either.

So he does what he knows will work.

"And your reaction after is really cute," he adds, throwing a coquettish grin Gem's way. *Go big or go home.*

Gemini makes a noise that's between an amused snort and an offended grunt.

Then, he just glances back at Fourth silently, as if waiting for him to make a move first.

“You know…” Fourth starts, having an idea. “Maybe you can try taking the initiative.”

Gem blinks.

“I bet your character would do the chasing, like last time,” Fourth explains. “So it’s most probable that you’ll do the first move on the kiss.”

Gem blinks again, like a lost puppy, opening his mouth without a single noise coming out. It’s quite endearing, to be honest. Gemini Norawit malfunctioning is one of his favorite things in the world, if you ask him.

“If you had a lover,” Fourth says, slowly, reaching out to hold Gemini’s waist, rubbing circles with his thumbs over the clothes. “How would you go for it?”

“I don’t really know,” Gemini says, as if Fourth’s touch had brought back his voice. “I haven’t thought about that.”

“Maybe focus on one person, then,” Fourth says.

Gem quirks an eyebrow, questioning.

“If you were to kiss me, for example,” Fourth clarifies. “How would you do it?”

He knows it’s a weird thing to ask (and even more weird thing to be curious about, but he’d be lying if he said he wasn’t), but Gemini’s laughter after makes his embarrassment with the question pick up.

“*Don’t laugh*,” he whines.

“I don’t know, Fotfot,” Gemini grins, seemingly *elated* at Fourth’s interest on the matter. “I haven’t thought about that either,” he teases. “Have you?”

“I’m going to my room—”

“No, no, no, wait—” Gem says, chuckling, “Sorry, sorry, don’t sulk.”

“Hmmmm.”

Gemini’s grin doesn’t waver. “I can try going at it. If you want.”

“’kay,” Fourth says, and then decides to attack back with what he knows will work. If Gem wants to make him feel embarrassed, two can play this game. He lowers the tone of his voice, smooth as he stares back at Gem and leans forward. “*Go ahead, then*.”

Gem’s grin wobbles, nervous as he gets every time Fourth uses that tone of voice. Fans say he’s being flirty when he does, but either way, Gemini gets this sudden visceral reaction when Fourth uses it.

He darts his eyes everywhere across Fourth's face, and his fingers curl up in Fourth's nape as he lets out a shaky chuckle.

"So eager," he whispers, imitating Fourth's words to him last time they did this.

However, he *does* bend down to get closer to Fourth, wrapping his arms loosely around Fourth's neck, and the wave of anticipation hits him full force as Fourth flutters his eyes closed, an excited thrill prickling at every single one of his pores, suddenly very keen on having Gem's mouth on his.

(That's probably something he should think about.)

(He doesn't want to, though. He just wants to focus on kissing Gem.)

And Gemini's mouth *does* get on Fourth's—but it's more like gentle nibbling than a kiss. He *nom-nom-nom's* on Fourth's bottom lip, sucking softly once before giggling into the supposed kiss and stepping back as soon as Fourth opens his eyes to look at him.

"*Gem*," Fourth scolds, but he's smiling back as he looks at Gemini titter. "You're joking around."

"Whaaaat?" Gemini grins, silly and goofy and boyish—and making Fourth want to kiss him all over his pretty face. "If I were to kiss you, that's how I'll do it."

Fourth hums. "That so?"

"Ahh—I just don't know how I am supposed to give you a serious kiss," Gem juts out his bottom lip. "*You're* supposed to teach me that, nong Fotfot."

"*Yes*, but— it's the exact same thing we did last time," Fourth reassures. "You just have to make the first move now."

Gemini scrunches up his whole face, "*Ugggh*. Okay."

Fourth bites down on his cheek to stop the laughter from coming out his mouth. Gem looks so absurdly *adorable* like this—being all pouty and concentrated and struggling.

"You're cute when you're like this," Fourth grins, looking up at Gem through his eyelashes.

Gem frowns, nose crinkling up. "Stop with the 'cute' line."

Fourth takes his chance, voice a smooth, velvet-y, throaty sound as he once again gets closer to Gem, leaning forward into his space, mouth hovering over Gem's, cheeky grin meeting his eyes. "*Make me*."

And he does. He shuts Fourth right up.

That is—Gemini usually doesn't take on Fourth's challenges, too shy or flustered to one-up Fourth's playful nature, but this time he does.

He closes the distance between them, taking Fourth's smug grin into his mouth. Fourth is welcoming; responsive but compliant as he lets Gem take the lead into the kiss.

He's too eager—burning as he tilts his head and locks their lips together, sucking on Fourth's too amenable mouth and digging nails on Fourth's upper back, thighs hugging Fourth's hips. His hair brushes Fourth's forehead, and his eyelashes flutter on Fourth's cheeks.

It's a weird phenomenon—the way he curves and arches up into Fourth, as if he wanted to be closer to him somehow; as if he craved and ached for contact. And it is just as weird, the way something seems to possess over Fourth's body—a want and need to touch and get even *closer*.

He doesn't want to scare Gem, so he goes at it slowly; sucking back gently on his upper lip as he feels Gem move against him. Fourth teases the hem of his tee then, fingertips brushing over the skin, deliberate and unrushed, tracing up and up and *up* under the soft fabric until both hands are wide spread on bare skin, touching over the curve of Gem's lower back.

He's burning—so warm it's a bit overwhelming—and makes a small noise as he feels Fourth touch him, opening his mouth a fraction as he inhales sharply.

Fourth steps back slightly to glance up at him.

"You okay?" he asks softly, mouth still brushing over Gem's with every word he says.

Gemini looks back at him through half-lidded eyes, "Mmmn," he utters, just as quiet. "It tickles."

Fourth puts a tad bit of more pressure into his touch, and Gemini lets out an unsteady exhale that Fourth sucks into his own mouth as he resumes the kissing.

The next couple of minutes are a bit of a dizzy, hazy state, where it's just *warm, warm, warm,* and Fourth is only thinking about how soft Gem's skin is, and how ridiculously sweet he smells, and how Gem keeps making the smallest noises every time Fourth touches him on certain spots, and how Gem's hands keep roaming everywhere—his neck, his shoulders, his nape and then up his scalp.

He likes to run his hands on Fourth's hair—maybe it distracts him, Fourth doesn't really know.

What he *knows* is that Gem also likes to pull at his hair, doing it once again as he sucks a bit harshly on Fourth's bottom lip.

Fourth hums into Gem's mouth, a throaty, half-broken sound making its way out his lips involuntarily at the feeling.

Gem steps back immediately, Fourth chasing after his mouth for a moment before realizing the way Gem is looking at him.

"You seem to like when I do that," he says, a mix of surprise with teasing mirth tinting his chirpy voice.

Fourth takes a moment to look at him—all messy hair and swollen lips and red cheeks, sitting up in Fourth's kitchen countertop with Fourth's hands under his shirt. He looks devastatingly *beautiful*, it's kind of making Fourth insane with just glancing at him.

Then, he realizes what Gem just said—probably because a cheeky smirk is pulling up slowly at his lips, and Fourth's embarrassment washes over him in a wave.

"T-That's not it," Fourth stutters, which only makes Gem's grin grow wider.

"Oh hooh?" Gemini jests. "Nong Fotfot is *kinky*, isn't he?"

Oh god.

"*Gem*," he whines.

Gemini snickers. He's having the time of his life. "So *naughty*."

"*Stop*," Fourth grunts, feeling mortified. "*Besides*," he adds, "You have your own things."

"*Nope*," Gemini shakes his head, popping the *'p'* loudly on the word. "Not true."

Fourth frowns slightly. Then, Gem bends down and wraps his arms around Fourth's neck, making a kissy face as he stops a palm away from Fourth's lips.

"Ah, ah, okay," he teases. "Prove it then."

And *this* is the moment Fourth stops thinking reasonably. Partly, it's because he wants to—he *really* wants to; partly is because he thinks Gemini will enjoy it, and he's curious about his reaction; and another part is because he is competitive and he *does* want to make a point.

Gemini has his own things.

So Fourth chases after Gem's lips and *kisses* him; he cups Gemini's face to pull him closer, thumbs caressing the skin of Gem's cheekbones gently as he holds into the curve under his jaw, feeling the pulsating heartbeat on Gem's neck as Fourth deepens the kiss. He goes at it with everything he's got—not only because he wants to prove something, but because there's this underlying need of wanting to make Gem feel *good*. The way Gem melts into it just encourages him.

He sucks deliberately slow on his bottom lip before tracing the corner of his mouth with his tongue, carelessly and wet and sloppy before grazing at it with his teeth—it's a mere tease at first, barely brushing at the skin and trailing over the outline of the lip with his teeth before nibbling gently into Gem's mouth. It makes Gem *react*, humming into Fourth's mouth and making a raspy, guttural noise when Fourth bites a tad bit harder, pulling back at Gem's bottom lip between his teeth, to finally offer a (very loud, very over-the-top) peck into Gem's mouth and then breaking apart.

Gemini blinks at him, eyes wide.

"W-whuh—" he splutters, then croaks in a squeaky voice. *"What was that?!"*

Fourth grins back, happy to get such a reaction. “Your own things.”

Fourth’s voice comes out husky, which doesn’t really help Gem to look any more put-together. He keeps opening and closing his mouth over and over, and the only thing that comes out is a “*you*—” before going speechless again.

After the exhilarating momentum passes, Fourth’s rational side comes back like a ten-truck falling into him, and he suddenly worries over having crossed a line.

“Wait—” he says, concern washing over him as he reaches out to grab into Gem’s shoulders. “I’m sorry, it’s just—you seemed into biting last time, so I thought—”

Gemini’s mouth wobbles, and Fourth grimaces—as he thought, he was *wrong*; very, *very wrong,* and now Gem is gonna *hate* him—

“You didn’t like it? I’m so sor—”

“No, it—” Gemini cuts in, “It’s—”

He doesn’t say anything else, and it’s *here* when Fourth realizes how quickly his whole face can start blushing. It’s quite impressive, honestly, the way he becomes almost the same color of Fourth’s t-shirt; skin a furious red from the top of his cheeks to the crook of his neck.

He then lets a frustrated noise, and just lets his forehead rest on Fourth’s shoulder, using the curve of Fourth’s neck to hide of Fourth’s curious eyes.

Oh.

It’s not that he didn’t like it— he’s just… shy.

Well. That’s certainly better than hating Fourth for a lifetime, so…

“You still don’t get used to the feeling, huh?” Fourth asks softly, lifting up his hand to rub calming circles on his back, this time over Gem’s shirt.

“Mmmn,” Gemini hugs him back, arms sneaking around Fourth’s waist, legs curling up behind Fourth’s thighs. “Need a moment,” he says, muffled against Fourth’s skin.

Yup. He’s not coming off his hidden basement for a while.

Not that Fourth minds. He likes when Gem is being cuddly with him.

“Okay,” Fourth chuckles, gentle. “Take your time.”

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After that embarrassing moment, they get into it a lot easier.

Fourth doesn't stop worrying over it completely, but he effortlessly falls into a trance every time he's kissing Gemini, any type of concern flying away as soon as he has Gemini's mouth on his.

Gemini is an avid learner, and also super clingy—which means he starts wanting to kiss all the time. (Not that Fourth is complaining at all, but. It's a bit surprising.)

They kiss mostly the same—a few pecks here and there; hair-pulling and biting going at it most often than not. Fourth's tongue makes a few appearances, and Gem's does as well, though is mostly just teasing over lips than really going all out.

They try a few things here and there, too:

Gemini wants to replicate the Spiderman kiss, because *of course* he does. He wants to be Spiderman, because *of course he does.* So he's willingly lying down on Fourth's bed, head hanging upside down from the edge as he keeps being goofy and pestering Fourth while Fourth is trying to *do his homework*, sitting on the floor at the bed's edge. He keeps going at it, poking at Fourth and making silly faces until Fourth is giving up and cupping his face to kiss his pretty mouth shut. Then, Gemini is giggling into the kiss and grinning like a kid after, and Fourth just keeps kissing him after; homework long forgotten. Apparently, he gets a bit stupid when Gemini grins at him lately.

They try an underwater kiss later; because Gemini thinks it's cool and they sneak in past the limit-hour (after Gem drags him in and insists no one will see them) into Fourth's condo pool. It doesn't go that well, because they're both clumsy and apparently need a lot more practice, but it's fun to have alone time with Gem, even if they get scolded after getting caught an hour later.

They try it out again at Fourth's kitchen, this time with Fourth sitting up on the kitchen countertop after Gem's incessant puppy eyes—which. Honestly, if Fourth were to review it: amazingly good, *otherworldly* good. Gem just keeps getting better and better, and Fourth is so lost into it until he sneaks his fingers under Gem's t-shirt to touch his upper back and Gem dissolves into a giggly mess because it *tickles*, and then Fourth is laughing as well and then they're not kissing anymore. (But then again, they decide to watch some movies in Fourth's room later, and practice guitar after, and spending alone time with Gem is just really, super fun, so he's not complaining.)

All in all, they're having fun. Gemini was right.

Maybe he doesn't need to think too hard on this. Maybe he *did* worry too much.

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(And that's what he thought.

Until an agonizing month later, when he discovered he *did* mess up.)

Chapter End Notes

hehe..... sorry? hope you enjoyed it ^^

i apologize for it being so short! and also bc i feel like this one was,,,,, a bit boring. ah. as i said, my work hasn't been too kind on me these days, sorry TT--TT anyyyyway. as a tiny spoiler, i have like,,,,,, seven (or so) more kisses planned until the angst asjdlaj, soooo i was thinking of writing all of them down for next chapter. that!! means it'll be much longer, but also that it'll take a looot more to update, so idk if you all prefer shorter (and sooner-to-be-updated) chapters or longer ones,,,,, let me know in the comments pretty please :)))

also!!!!!!!! as always, comments are very welcomed, appreciated, loved and encouraged!!! ^^ <3 i'll read them all with so much love. <3 i want to know your thoughts ^^ it means the world to me. :')

finally, u can find me on twitter if you want! @iluvgem4th <3 i like to ramble on there :)

HAVE A LOVELY WEEK!!!!!! LOVE U ALL LOTS!!!! thank u so much for reading, i'm kissing you all on your foreheads and patting your backs <333 have a wonderful week and remember to take care of yourselves lovely human beings <333 gemfot love you all <33

Enchanted

Chapter Notes

hello, hello, hello againnnn! ^^

first of all, thank you endlessly for the comments on the first and second chapter :'D i said it last time but i'm truly SO happy, over the moon you all liked this :'))) your kind words and support have been a serotonin boost in this past weeks that haven't been all that kind to me. thank you so much for all the comments!!! i'm glad you're enjoying this and don't find it boring!! :'") i wasn't that happy with last ch but i was glad so many people had a good time reading. ty for letting me know :') i promise i'll answer to every single comment eventually when i have more time TT--TT but know that i really re-read them all the time. they make me so happy! :')

anyway. my job is still pretty hectic, but i tried to make this chapter come out faster! have fun reading <3

(and sorry for the grammar mistakes!!!!!)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Fourth doesn't know why he's curious. He shouldn't.

He really, *really* shouldn't.

He can't stop thinking about it, though. Gemini just ate a cherry candy, and he's so focused watching some P'Nont's old interview that his tongue is peeking out from his mouth; it's dark red and it looks soft and Gem keeps licking his lips and it's incredibly distracting. Fourth is sure he's been staring a couple of minutes by now, unable to focus on his homework and anything else.

He really, really shouldn't be curious about this. But he's nineteen, and Gemini is really pretty, and his best friend told him to tell him if he wanted to try anything. *Well*. He wants to try this.

He doesn't know how to ask, though. How would you ask your best friend if you can try sticking your tongue inside their mouth? That's not something you ask your best friend. That's not something you ask *anyone*, probably.

God.

He opens his mouth, "Gem."

"Hmm?"

“Um.”

At his hesitance, Gem looks up from his phone to glance at him, eyes worried, “Is something wrong?”

“No, it’s, uh,” he fidgets, looks down at the scrambled, long-forgotten notes on his table and then up again, stammering a, “How do you— how do you feel about… tongue?”

Gem frowns, confused. “What do you mean?”

“Yeah, like,” Fourth presses his mouth tightly, plays with the hem of his sweater, feels his hands sweating, “You know… how do you feel about using tongue while kissing?”

“*Ohhh*, that,” Gemini’s frown disappears as he nods, then crosses his arms over his chest and juts out his lips in an over-the-top pout. “I have *very* strong opinions about it, thank you for asking.”

Fourth snorts. “Don’t be silly.”

Gemini breathes out a giggle back, “What? I just don’t know why you’re asking,” he sticks out his tongue before saying, “We’ve already used tongue while kissing, right?” he shrugs, “It’s fine.”

Fourth stares, unable to decipher for a moment whether Gemini is joking or not.

He’s not.

“We haven’t used tongue, Gem.”

Gem quirks an eyebrow, “And what do you call whatever you do when you—you know, poke at my lips with it?”

“That’s just teasing,” Fourth says, “Not really— *using* it.”

Not like Fourth is thinking, at least.

Gem frowns, looking everywhere with his mouth slightly open while pondering, lost.

“…And how do you use it while kissing if it’s not like that?” he finally asks.

Fourth *really* doesn’t know how to put it into words. He doesn’t think he would be able to articulate what exactly he wants to do, even.

“I don’t know if you’ll like it,” he ends up saying, instead, “It’s, uh, like—”

He falters, gesturing vaguely in front of his mouth as if that explained anything.

Gemini stares at him struggle for a moment.

“Ah, ah, okay,” he says, shaking his hand on the air when Fourth doesn’t say anything else.

He moves across the space between them, crawling around Fourth's low-table until he's sitting on the floor at Fourth's side, thigh pressing against Fourth's.

"Show me, then," he says, batting his eyelashes in a way so ridiculously pretty and adorable at the same time that Fourth wonders if it's calculated.

He leans sideways so half of his body is hovering over the table, invading Fourth's personal space with ease as he tilts his head towards Fourth's.

He's doing this on purpose, isn't he? Oh god. How is he this drop-dead gorgeous? Fourth gulps. He's feeling unwell. No matter how many times it has happened—probably because of how many times it has happened—Fourth can't help to get a bit stupid every time Gem is so close to him.

"So?" he asks, reaching to touch Fourth's arm.

Fourth looks down at Gem's lips. "I'm not sure you'll like it…" he repeats, uncertain to move on with this.

Gem shrugs, unfazed. "If I don't like it, I'll just kick you."

Fourth quirks an eyebrow, index finger prodding at Gem's chest. "I know muay thai, you know."

Gemini grins, between ironic and amused. "You also wouldn't even kill a fly, but whatever makes you sleep at night, FotFot."

Fourth rolls his eyes, then gets distracted again looking down at Gem's mouth.

He cups Gemini's jaw with one hand, watches as Gem's grin slowly disappears as he bites down on his own tongue, then pokes at his inner cheek with it, watching Fourth stare back at him. He's expectant, Fourth knows. Probably curious now that Fourth has peeked his interest at solely being interested in something.

"You might think it's weird," Fourth mumbles. He doesn't want Gem to be disappointed.

"*Fourth*," Gemini scolds him, "You wanna try this, right? Let's do it."

You never ask for things for yourself, let me give you this. Gemini doesn't say it out loud, but it's unnecessary to do so—Fourth can hear it loud and clear in the way Gem leans forward to let their noses brush against each other; he can look at it in his earnest eyes.

He closes the distance between them, Gem ready to welcome him with warm lips as Fourth kisses him slowly and unhurried, thumb caressing the corner of Gem's mouth. He sucks gently on Gem's upper lip, breathes in and feels his chest getting filled with familiar giddiness, fluttery as he gets lost in the sensation of kissing Gemini.

He goes on like that for who-knows how long, losing track of time. Then, he steps back slightly to peck the corner of Gem's mouth. He lingers there, brushing over the skin as he mumbles, "Open your mouth for me."

The voice comes out huskier than intended, but it works, Gem doing as he's told, eyes fluttering slightly open as he stays there and waits for Fourth to do something.

Fourth feels a thrill run down his spine, curl up his toes and dance inside his belly; his heart might come out from his chest with how fast it's beating, pulse skyrocketing from excitement as he experimentally pokes his tongue inside the curve of Gemini's mouth.

It's hot—*scorching* hot—and wet inside. Gem tastes sweet as Fourth tentatively sweeps his tongue on the roof of his mouth. Gem hums, fingers clinging into Fourth's sweater as Fourth's tongue meets his.

It's a bit sloppy; wet and needy as Fourth clumsily makes his way into the slope of Gemini's lips. There's kissing sounds as their mouths dance together that would make Fourth an embarrassed mess if he wasn't too focused on exploring the curves and dips inside Gemini's mouth with his tongue. He gently traces the outline of Gem's like he wants to memorize and burn a map of it inside his brain, cupping Gem's face to get even closer.

Gem is responsive; making the smallest of sounds at the back of his throat when Fourth rolls his tongue *just right*. He'd probably be flustered as hell if he heard himself, half-broken and whiny and breathless against Fourth's mouth. It only encourages him, though.

Gem's mouth is burning, pleasingly, and everything inside is as soft as Gemini himself is. Fourth thumbs at his pulse and feels it rippling against the slope of his neck, sinks in the scent of his shampoo and the way Gem touches all over Fourth's face, as if he wanted to remember every detail, as if he wanted to remind himself *Fourth* is the one who's there with him.

He finally breaks apart to breathe, their lips making a loud *'pop'* as Fourth steps back slightly, a thread of saliva hanging between their mouths for a couple of seconds before it breaks.

Fourth's face feels burning. He's probably blushing all over. He feels dizzy—breathless and overwhelmed and bare open. *That was—*

Gem looks back at him, all dazed and soft-looking, dreamy eyes and red, glossy lips—they're still wet, probably with Fourth's saliva. Fourth pointedly decides to ignore that fact and how bewitchingly pretty he looks like this or he'll do something stupid, like kiss him again.

"Gnhg," Fourth clears off his throat, trying to fill up the silence, "So?"

Was it okay? he means to ask, but the words don't come out. His mind is still not working properly.

Gem pouts, nodding as he looks to the side, then the floor, letting out a single, tiny, "Mmn."

He has the same expression on his face when they're in public and Fourth is relentlessly flirting with him and he's trying to play it cool, even though is glaringly obvious he got shy. It's so endearing Fourth almost starts *cooing* at him. He leans forward, pecking his lips once instead.

He grins when Gem meets his eyes, blinking owlishly.

“Sorry, you’re really cute,” comes out Fourth’s excuse.

Gemini doesn’t even retort anything back, just smiles shyly and looks down, shaking his head as he hugs his knees to his chest.

Fourth wishes he could read Gem’s mind. He wishes he could know what he’s thinking right now.

Then again, he can’t even put a name to the turmoil of fragile emotions swirling inside his chest, so…

“You okay?” he asks then, gentle, because that’s what he cares about the most. That’s what he’ll *always* care about the most.

Gemini reaches out for his hand, nodding as he meets Fourth’s eyes.

(They don’t talk about it after that.

Gemini doesn’t let go of Fourth’s hand all night, though.)

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Fourth doesn’t worry too much whether he messed up and crossed like a thousand boundaries with his best friend because Gemini doesn’t give him too much time to do so.

Next time they meet for a schedule, Fourth is acting awkward until Gemini gets fed up and drags him to an empty room in the building to *kiss* him; long and deep and *demanding*, trapping himself against the wall as he pulls at Fourth closer to him and opens his mouth so Fourth can sweep his tongue inside, eagerly responding when Fourth finally does.

“It’s okay,” he keeps mumbling against Fourth’s mouth, over and over again between kisses, soft and reassuring and gentle. “I *want* this.”

They stay there until P’Earn comes looking for them, eyeing them both with an eyebrow raised as she takes a glance over their messed and disheveled clothes and hair. She doesn’t make a comment on it, but it’s obvious she gets the clue.

“Oh my god,” Fourth laments on Gem’s car after the event, as Gem is driving him home. “We shouldn’t have done that.”

“Well, you were being dumb and overthinking, so I had to,” Gemini says, simple.

Fourth gapes. “You were acting strange last time, I didn’t know if I had messed up,” he whines.

Gem splutters, embarrassed. “I was just—” he pauses, probably trying to look for the correct word to use. “*Surprised*. I didn’t know it’d feel all…”

He side-eyes Fourth, Fourth arches both eyebrows back.

“Like *that*,” Gemini says, not elaborating on it. He pouts, puffing out his cheeks as he mumbles, “Doesn’t mean I didn’t like it.”

Fourth blinks.

Oh.

“You’re telling me you were all quiet because you got shy?”

Gemini grunts, frowning slightly. “Mmn,”

Fourth’s mouth curls up slowly into a wide grin, “Awww.”

Gemini huffs. “Don’t tease me.”

“No, no,” Fourth’s grin doesn’t falter, “I think it’s cute.”

“If I took a shot every time you called me cute, I’d be *so* drunk,” Gemini says in lieu of responding to Fourth’s teasing.

“You make it easy,” Fourth counters, because it’s true. Gemini is astonishingly adorable, just as much as he’s pretty and multitalented.

Gemini sulks, all pouty and shy, which only proves Fourth’s point: he’s cute as hell.

(Gemini takes revenge later, though, when Fourth is driving Gem instead and he kisses Fourth’s cheek out of nowhere and Fourth *malfunctions*, almost hitting the brakes in the middle of the street and making Gemini giggle in the process, the menace.)

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Later on, it turns out Gemini *does* like making out.

He’s an avid learner, eager to improve and always trying different things when Fourth kisses him; always pliant and welcoming.

He’s also a complete, utter *menace*. He *adores* teasing Fourth, probably as much as Fourth adores teasing him.

One day, Fourth is sitting on his sofa. He’s clicking on the TV, waiting for his friends to come back from the kitchen, where Satang and Mark are preparing themselves some snacks.

Gemini self-invited himself when he knew they were having a movie night—not that Fourth minds, to be fair—and now he’s probably eating away the snacks they’re making as he

accompanies his friends on the kitchen.

That is, until he steps into the living-room.

“Did you decide what we’re watching already?” he asks, perked over the back of the sofa, one arm dangling over the backrest at Fourth’s side, other resting over it as he puts his chin on it.

“Not yet,” Fourth looks up at him, throwing his head back and shooting him an amused grin, “Did they kick you out?”

Gem tilts his head so he’s looking at Fourth, smiling back.

“*Yup*,” he says, “Mark was saying I was eating too much.”

Fourth laughs, “Figured.”

Gemini hums. Then, he points at the bowl of candies sitting comfortably in the curve of Fourth’s crossed thighs.

“Do they taste any good?”

Fourth drones, rolling the one inside his mouth and biting on it between his teeth, then opening his mouth to show it out to Gemini, “It’s really sweet,” he says. “Strawberry flavored.”

Gem hums, pensive.

“That so?” he asks, seemingly interested. “Can I try it?”

“Sure,” Fourth grabs one from the bowl and lifts up his hand between them so Gemini can take it. “Here. I think this one has bubblegum on it.”

Gemini stares at Fourth’s hand, then glances back at the direction of Fourth’s kitchen.

Fourth frowns, puzzled. *What—?*

He doesn’t have time to think about Gem’s suspicious behavior, though, because next second Gemini is looking back at him, holding his wrist and moving it away as he leans forward and *kisses* Fourth.

Fourth blinks, caught off guard. He barely has time to answer back at the sudden kiss as he feels Gemini cupping his face, thumb pulling gently at his bottom lip to make Fourth open his mouth.

The next thirty seconds feel like an entire hour; not in the way you feel the working-day going, but in the sense that Fourth can vividly feel everything as if it was happening in slow-motion.

Gemini slips his tongue inside Fourth's mouth and Fourth's mind buzzes blank. Gemini curls it up and licks inside in a way that has Fourth's entire body burning, chirping with static as his heart chants and thumps against his ribcage loudly.

What the fuck.

It's barely a few seconds, but it's enough to make Fourth a breathless mess as Gemini sweeps inside the curve of his lips and tastes the slop of his own tongue and draws the outline of his teeth, Fourth clinging to Gem's shirt like a lifeline. The ground under him shakes; the world stops moving and he's hyper-aware of every brush of skin and every roll of Gem's tongue inside him.

Then, Gemini is stepping back, just as sudden as he swept into Fourth's personal space, leaving Fourth chasing after his mouth, giddy and stupid and a whole, devastating *disaster*.

What. The. Hell.

Fourth looks up, mind reeling, breath uneven as he feels his hands shake and the blood rush in his ears.

Gemini hums, calm and too freaking *serene*, as if he didn't just make Fourth's world a whole different color just seconds ago.

"You're right, FotFot," he says, merry and chirpy and irrevocably *gorgeous*, then sticks out his tongue to proudly show off the candy that was previously on Fourth's mouth. *He—* "It's really sweet."

Gem shoots him a devilish grin, cheeky mirth sparkling all over his eyes as he skips back to the kitchen, leaving a flustered, very speechless Fourth behind, heart racing inside his chest.

He's a menace, holy shit.

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In Fourth's defense, though, that was the first time Gemini had put his tongue inside Fourth's mouth, so of course he was gonna have some sort of… glitch. That was the *only* reason he was unable to make a counterattack.

He makes sure to one-up him later, though, when they're alone in the make-up room of one set and Gem keeps teasing Fourth about putting the gloss on him, making kissy faces his way.

Fourth finally steps closer and holds his chin up, kissing Gemini's pretty mouth shut with a deep kiss, all wet and sloppy as he makes sure to leave his peach-tinted gloss all over Gem's lips.

(Gem's flustered face is as endearing as it is funny, and Fourth basks in the glory of it for a few moments until P'Tong comes back, and the look he gives them when he steps inside the

room and sees Fourth's lipstick messily spread all over Gem's lips and chin and cheeks makes Fourth blush the next twenty-four hours.)

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Making out is fun, and somehow manage to get Fourth enter a weird sort of relaxed state for the next few weeks until they have to practice for their concert and they're so busy with that and everything else in between that they don't have time for their whatever-they're-called-practice-sessions.

It's not that Fourth doesn't miss their private workshops—or whatever name they have—but kissing is the last thing on Fourth's mind the first days of practice.

Saying Fourth is stressed would be an understatement.

It's barely Tuesday, he's so tense he hasn't been able to get even one song right in the last hour. He's singing off-key, and he forgot some lyrics trying to fix that. He's made too many mistakes on the choreography as well, so preoccupied with no missing any step that he looks too stiff for it to be natural.

He's wasting so many people's time, and he just can't stop worrying, and he doesn't even have enough time to practice, he's got an exam next week and he hasn't been able to *study*—

"Okay," their choreographer says, stopping the music to look at them both. "I think you need a break."

His eyes linger on Fourth just a bit longer, but it's enough to make Fourth feel like shit. It's obvious he's saying it because of him. *Of course* he's saying it because of him; Gem's vocals and dancing have been flawless. He's doing great. He *is* great, and now he's getting scolded and it's all Fourth's fault.

Shit—

"I'm so sorry," Fourth says, bottom lip quivering. He's exhausted. So, *so* stupidly tired.

He wants to go home. He has a headache. He wants to sleep for a week.

He *wants* to, he really, *really* does, and despite all that—he also wants to keep practicing. Because, more than anything else—more than his fatigue, more than the pain on his legs,

more than the need for some rest—he wants to do great for his fans. He wants to be good for all the people working really hard on this.

He wants to be a good, worthy partner for Gem.

God, he feels so, so shitty. Maybe he needs a hug.

“I’ll do better, I promise,” Fourth keeps babbling, mind buzzing, “I just—”

“Whoo!” Gemini utters, cutting him off. He stretches when Fourth glances back at him, arms up in the air and face scrunching in a grimace. “I think a break would be good. I’m tired!”

He pats Fourth’s back, offers a thumbs-up and a shiny smile that could light up the whole place. God, he’s *gorgeous*. He’s gorgeous and sweet and the way he rests his hand on his back is so gentle Fourth could start crying right there.

“Don’t you think, my friend?” he says, in English—all over-the-top accent and goofy tone. He’s being silly on purpose. He also sounds extra cute. “Could we get some rest for a bit? My legs are killing me!”

He fakes being dead—which is usually Fourth’s default way of getting out of a conversation when he’s shy, but he guesses they both have caught some of the other’s habits along the way.

“Okay…” Fourth concedes.

“Awesome!” Gem says, then claps once and bows down in an exaggerated way in their choreographer direction, one hand behind his back while the other circles in front of him. “Thanks for your generosity, phi!”

“Yeah, yeah, okay,” he says. “Rest up, boys. I’ll see you in a bit, okay?”

Gemini salutes him as he goes out the door, still in-character. “Of course, sir.”

As soon as he leaves them alone in the big room, Fourth’s legs give up. He collapses on the ground, burying his face on his hands, sighing.

God, he honestly feels really shitty right now.

Something cold pokes on the back of his hand, which startles him enough to uncover his face and see Gem standing up in front of him, holding a bottle of water.

He shakes the object again, pressing it on Fourth’s cheek this time, “Here,” he offers.

“Thank you,” Fourth mumbles in response.

After gulping down half of it, he hugs his knees to his chest. He can’t meet Gemini’s eyes.

“Sorry,” he says, eyes fixed on the floor; knot on his throat threatening to cut him in half. “You were doing great and I just ruined your momentum.”

“What are you talking about? I *am* tired,” Gemini says. “I needed this break, I wasn’t joking.”

Fourth huffs a brief laugh, but it lacks any real amusement.

Gemini stands there for a bit, quiet, then exhales loudly as he sits down on the floor, in the space in front of him.

“So. ’m not gonna ask you if you’re okay,” he says, “Because it’s obvious you’re not.”

He crosses his legs, as if he were to meditate, and leans forward to be closer to Fourth.

He tilts his head, trying to meet Fourth’s eyes, who’s still looking at the floor. His voice is soft, “Do you want to talk about it?”

Fourth shrugs. He doesn’t; not really. But he also knows that if he keeps everything bottling up inside himself, all of it will explode soon.

“I’m worried,” he says.

Gem reaches out to touch Fourth’s knee, still trying to meet Fourth’s eyes, still gentle and soft and patient. “What are you worried about?”

Fourth presses his lips together. He takes a deep breath, “…Everything?”

Gem hums.

“I just—” Fourth looks up, finally meeting Gem’s eyes. It works like turning on a switch, because suddenly Fourth is *talking*, “I’m worried people will think our show is boring. I’m worried they’ll have expectations and end up disappointed.”

Gem frowns.

“I’m worried I’ll mess up. I’m worried I won’t be good enough and that fans are gonna think bad of you too because of me. I’m worried I won’t be able to keep up with you.”

“Fourth—”

“I’m worried people will waste their time and money on me and I won’t be able to do great —”

“*Fourth*—”

“I’m just not made up for this, I’m not good enough. I’m worried people won’t be happy with my shows. I’m worried about forgetting the lyrics or the dancing—”

“Fourth, *listen*—”

“I’m worried about being a disappointment. I don’t want to waste the efforts of the people working with us and the fans. Most of them come from other countries and *mmph*—”

“Ai’Fot!” Gem says, clapping his hands on Fourth’s cheeks and pressing them just enough for Fourth’s mouth to purse up into a kissy face.

He probably looks like a fish. It works to make him stop talking, though.

“Heyyy,” Gem frowns. “Listen to me, will you?”

Fourth nods, slowly.

Gem smiles, satisfied. “Good.”

He lets go of Fourth’s cheeks in lieu of holding Fourth’s shoulders instead.

“*Fourth*,” he says, and his voice is firm but gentle as he meets Fourth’s eyes, serious. “You’re being too hard on yourself.”

Fourth shakes his head.

“You *are*,” Gemini insists. “First of all, you’re doing great. You’re *more* than great.”

That’s absolutely not *true—*

“I always tell you this, but you’re very talented,” Gem continues. “And I’ll say it as many times as you need for you to believe that.”

Fourth’s chest aches. Gemini is always telling him that; and his best friend’s faith in him has always been something to hold on to when he thinks he’s disappointing people. When he thinks he’s not good enough. When he thinks he doesn’t deserve the good things happening to him. It’s hard to ignore the uneasiness on his stomach right now, though.

“People will adore you like they always do,” Gemini says, one hand sliding down his arm to hold onto his wrist. “Your shows are *amazing*, there’s no way fans are gonna be disappointed.”

He pokes at Fourth’s chest with one finger.

“And you’re human, in case you don’t remember, huh! Therefore, you *can* make mistakes,” he says the first part in a goofy tone, but Fourth knows he’s being serious. “What if you end up messing up some dancing or singing off-key? That just happens. It won’t be the end of the world, you can just laugh it off. It doesn’t mean you’ll *disappoint* people, it just means you’re like everyone else and sometimes you get things wrong,” he rubs his thumb on his inner wrist in a reassuring gesture. “And in case that happens when I’m up there with you, I’ll cover for you. Just like you would for me.”

Fourth would. Fourth would do anything for Gemini, to be honest.

”That’s just us,” Gemini says; warm and familiar and grounding. “We cover for each other. We have each other’s back.”

Fourth's eyes prickle. He doesn't want to cry, but the sudden relief the washes over him hits him full force and catches him off-guard.

"You don't need to think too much," Gemini says, gentle, and ruffles Fourth's hair, "You're doing great now, keep practicing and you'll be even better, okay?"

Gemini reaches out to poke Fourth's cheek.

"You're good enough," he says, raw and sincere and *genuine*, and the words fill up Fourth with a warmth so everlasting he can't explain it. "Just relax and be yourself, okay? You don't need anything more than that for people to love you."

Fourth breathes, "How can you be so sure?"

Gemini smiles. It's kind of surprising how impossibly soft he looks; face mellowing into a fond expression, adoration tinted in the corner of his mouth and the sweetness on his eyes.

"Because it's really easy to love you for who you are, Fourth."

Ah.

Oh.

Fourth blinks, tears rolling down his cheeks uninvited. He rubs at his eyes with one hand, looking at the side so Gem won't see him.

Too late.

Gem laughs softly, sounding endeared. "Oww. Don't cry, nong Fot."

His voice trembles on the edges, and Fourth knows that's probably because he always cries when Fourth cries.

"You made me get emotional," Fourth playfully hits him on the chest, whining.

Gem laughs.

Then, he keeps quiet as he watches Fourth slowly calm down, rubbing his eyes until there's no more tears left.

Comfortable silence settles between them.

After a moment, Gem reaches out to brush Fourth's bangs behind his ear and—the thing is, Gem is caring. He's sweet and gentle and loving with the people he cares about. He's specially soft with Fourth most of the time. So it shouldn't come out as a surprise; after all, Fourth just cried. *Still, though*— right now, he does it so tenderly it has Fourth's face and neck warming up, catching him off guard.

He glances back at him, shy and confused, heart dancing on his chest when he meets Gem's eyes.

“…What?”

Gemini doesn’t answer. He presses his lips together, eyes darting all across Fourth’s face as he ponders about something.

Fourth tilts his head. He doesn’t want to admit it, but Gemini’s eyes fixed on him like this make him feel somewhat nervous.

“Hm?” he presses on.

Instead of a verbal answer, Gemini leans forward, closing the distance between them as he locks their lips together.

It’s a kiss, and Fourth’s eyes flutter closed, already familiar with the sensation of Gem’s lips against his and the warmth spreading all through his chest.

It’s a *kiss*—sure, but it feels different to the ones they’ve had so far. Gemini is carefully gentle, slow and caring and tender, barely moving his lips. It’s like he’s giving Fourth’s mouth a hug. It’s warm and comforting, grounding and *real*. Like light summer rain falling on his skin.

He slowly moves the hand holding onto Fourth’s wrist and tentatively intertwines their fingers together, thumb caressing over the curve of Fourth’s index finger.

It’s like he’s trying to communicate with him through the kiss. *I’m here*. *You’re not alone on this*. *I’m real, and I’ll always be here for you.*

He's solid; his presence a warm embrace around Fourth, melting Fourth's anxiety away with his touch. He's kissing him deliberatedly, unhurried and adoring. *Kind*.

It’s so devastatingly reassuring, so impossibly soft and *sweet* that Fourth’s throat closes up again, and he has to muster up all his strength to not start crying again in the middle of the kiss.

Gem breaks apart just slightly, barely a palm away from Fourth’s mouth. He tilts his head to the side, brushing their noses together and cupping Fourth's jaw before pecking Fourth’s lips again.

Then, he starts talking between kisses, and Fourth could as well become a puddle on the floor.

“You’re,” a peck, “doing,” a peck, “amazing,” another, “stop,” *another*, “worrying,” kiss, “too,” another one, this time on the corner of his mouth, “much.”

Fourth starts laughing into Gem’s mouth, breathy and giddy and happy, and Gem grins right back.

"You're being silly," Fourth chuckles, impossibly fond of him.

“I was trying to be comforting,” Gem tilts his head back and looks at him; honey-like and warm, like a ray of sunshine on winter. “Did it work? Are you relaxed now?”

Fourth doesn’t really know how to explain the butterflies on his chest. It’s like the world is suddenly right again, Gem’s smile easing away any and all of his worries.

He feels fifteen again; lightheaded and wobbly and dizzy. Floating in the space, bubbly and tickling all over. There are hummingbirds flapping their wings on his ribcage; a garden growing on his chest, spreading all over his body.

He feels dumb. Like a teenager watching his crush from apart and getting a ridiculous amount of happiness just because of that.

He doesn’t know how to name all the emotions bubbling up his throat; delicate and tender and sadly incriminating.

Are you relaxed? Gem asks, and somewhere deep in his mind a voice inside his head answers. *It’s more than that*. It’s *much* more than that.

He knows. He doesn’t want to think about it, though. He doesn’t want to name the emotion inside himself. *He can’t.*

“I don’t know,” Fourth says, tilting his head and offering a smile; trying to cover up the fragileness of his feelings with easy flirting. That’s what he knows. That’s familiar and real and won’t end up wrong. “I’m not sure, maybe you should kiss me more and see if it works.”

Gem snorts, amused and happy. “Glad you’re feeling better, *nong Fot*.”

Gemini indulges him though, if only a bit, and gives him one last sweet kiss. Then, he grins, so ineffably beautiful it’s heart-wrenching.

Fourth loves him so much.

He probably loves him more than he should.

Oh boy.

Chapter End Notes

thank you for reading :')) hope this one was enjoyable as well.

as always, comments are very welcomed, appreciated, loved and encouraged!!! ^^ <3 i'll read them all with so much love. <3 i want to know your thoughts ^^ it means the world to me. :') your favorite scenes/dialogues/feelings so far!

ALSO !!!!!!! p'satang is coming next chapter!!!! hehe. finally for the people who were waiting for him <3 i love satang friendship with the boys so i want to include him

somehow <3

finally, and as always, you can find me on twitter if you want! @iluvgem4th <3 i like to ramble on there :)

HAVE A LOVELY WEEK!!!!!! LOVE YOU ALL LOTS!!!! <3 thank u so much for reading, i'm kissing you all on your foreheads and patting your backs <333 have a wonderful week and remember to take care of yourselves lovely human beings <333 gemfot love you all <33

Vortex

Chapter Summary

Alternative title of this chapter: Fourth's Unfiltered Pining.

Chapter Notes

.....so. here's the new chapter!

i bet a lot of you thought i've abandoned this little one. nope.

i'm not gonna bore you and just say i deeply apologize for the wait. the main reason this chapter took so long was 1) my spiraling mental health, 2) i had TOO, WAY TOO MANY routes in my head for this chapter. here's the thing: i thought about multiple directions i could take this chapter to. i thought about it for long. because firstly, i had many ideas and not really One Conclusive Outline (main reason of this is bc i honestly didn't think people would *like* this fic and would be Expecting to read it, so i was just being silly about it), and secondly, i kept thinking nothing was good enough. i got nervous and felt honestly pressured to do it right for u all, which is dumb but. anyhow.

i really hope you like this chapter, thank you so much for your patience <3 i poured my heart into this fic.

wonderful reading <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Rehearsals get easier after their heart-to-heart conversation. Something heavy and tight on Fourth’s chest loosens, and he’s able to focus on practicing over and over again without agonizing dread.

He’s still nervous, of course, and a tad bit stressed, but Gemini’s presence makes him feel like everything will be alright. *He’s not alone*. Gemini is with him; like he’s always been.

The problem is— *kisses*.

Here’s the thing: if months ago you told him that Gemini would be going out of his way to kiss him every day, he’s sure as hell would’ve had a good laugh in your face. Not to be mean, but— objectively speaking, that would’ve sounded impossible. Kind of delirious, even.

Here he is now, though, with Gemini looking both ways outside Fourth's rehearsal room to make sure they're alone before cupping Fourth's cheeks and giving him a sweet, chaste kiss. His fingertips curve over Fourth's cheekbones, and he presses his lips against Fourth's *so softly*.

He's gentle. *Way too gentle*. Fourth's chest swells with fondness and affection.

"Good luck today," Gemini murmurs as he steps back, offering the loveliest smile Fourth has ever seen. He skips all the way to his own rehearsal room after this; then looks over his shoulder one more time to wave *goodbye* at him, a shy smile tugging up his mouth when he realizes Fourth is staring back already.

And— *oh god*. Fourth is about to lose his goddamn *mind*.

Here's what's happening inside Fourth's head. It's not that he doesn't like it. It's not that he doesn't enjoy that Gemini keeps finding moments to kiss and peck Fourth's lips every time they see each other for rehearsals (*especially* when they have to do it separately), and Fourth supposes that the main reason he's doing this after Fourth's emotional breakdown is because he's trying to be comforting and soothing, which is a very, *very* sweet gesture.

But.

This is getting really out of control. Fourth is left giddy and bubbly and happy after Gemini's kisses, which in itself must be a good thing.

It's not.

Because every time he spends too long thinking about it — about the warmth sweeping his chest, the love washing over him in waves, the need to get closer to him, the way his knees weaken and his pulse skyrockets every time Gemini is around — he's hit with the horrifying realization, over and over again, that he's not supposed to be feeling like this. That *yes*… it's abundantly clear that this is really, *really* getting out of his control.

(Not that he *had* much control over this whole situation since the start, but *now*—)

He's starting to freak out.

He wants this. He seriously *wants* this. He wants Gemini's kisses, and Gemini's many sweet smiles, and Gemini's adorable eyes looking at him like his mere existence makes him happy.

He's never wanted anything like this.

He shouldn't want it, though. That's the problem.

He tries not to think about it. He tries to focus on the singing and dancing lessons, on the concert ahead and the way everything is almost completely normal. It's not like Gemini is freaking out about their situation—he's in fact very fucking *calm* about it—so maybe Fourth shouldn't be thinking too hard of this.

Maybe he's just making a big deal out of nothing.

There's this constant buzz at the back of his head, echoing thoughts he doesn't want to fixate on, like— *maybe it's because you like him and he doesn't like you back. Maybe it's because you don't think of him as a friend and he does think of you as a friend. Maybe that's why you're being so weird about it and he's not. Maybe that's why you keep thinking about him all the time and he's so relaxed about you.*

He hushes those thoughts away. Tries not to focus on them, pushes them at the very back of his mind and pointedly ignores them when they try to yell back at him.

He's normal about Gemini. *Very normal.*

Yes.

So what if he's thinking more about him? What if he loves him a bit too much to be platonic? That doesn't mean Fourth doesn't think of him as a friend. That doesn't mean he has to freak out about this.

He just has to focus on rehearsals. *Rehearsals; rehearsals; rehearsals.*

The concert goes by just fine. It's actually *great* in fact; and Fourth manages to have fun most of the time besides his tiredness. His family is there; his friends are there. He's overwhelmed by the love and support, and he almost breaks down sobbing on stage when he has to thank Gemini for helping him out with everything. He feels like passing out from exhaustion. He's worked so hard for this—they've *both* worked so hard for this, put so much effort and care into their performances. But it's well-received; *so well-received*, and he feels like every bone he worked to exhaustion is worth it. Their fans are happy. His family takes him out for dinner. Gemini grins at him and hugs him for too long after everything is finished.

Everything went well. *He's happy.*

Except— the second day comes, and Gemini's leg gets injured. *Badly*.

He insists that everything's *fine*— that's how Gemini is. He preaches that '*everything is alright, he just needs some ice'*. But when he tries to get up and can't stand up for longer than a minute before stumbling to the ground, Fourth knows it's bad.

He masks it too well. Smiles at everyone around him, laughs at everyone's concern like it's not big deal. He brushes it off as he presses the gelid ice on his ankle and insists that they should start the concert already.

Fans are waiting, he says. *I'm totally fine*, he says.

Fourth is not too sure about it. When he goes and tries to talk to him and Gemini averts his eyes and plasters on a diplomatic smile, Fourth knows something is off.

The smile is calculated, but it doesn't look like it— he's almost too good at this. At faking to be alright. He's gentle and saccharine and the sunshine in him is too bright Fourth almost doesn't notice the smile doesn't quite reach his eyes.

He knows there's something wrong.

Gemini doesn't stay in one place, though; once the show starts, he keeps moving around— going here and there to change outfits and the make-up and to greet the guests. He's almost too normal.

Except— when Fourth catches him hitting his leg with his fist, over and over again— on his knee, then his thigh, then down… Fourth knows he's not okay.

"Ah." He breathes out an awkward laugh when he realizes Fourth is watching him with concern. "I just can't feel my leg. It's getting numb with all the ice; but I'm fine."

Fourth frowns, fretful.

He's obviously not fine.

Fourth tries to help. Every time they're both on stage — he brings the water bottle to him so he doesn't have to walk that much; tries to subtly make him lean on him — and off stage — follows him around to check on him; asks if he needs anything. It doesn't seem like enough.

Fourth is worried. *Really worried.*

The problem is— there're too many people around. There's staff running everywhere you look— to put the props and check the lights and confirm the sound system is working well and clean stuff and bring them their things; and choreographers who keep going over the steps with them before their performances; and backup dancers rehearsing on the corners; and make-up artists trying to have them ready on time as their stylists change their outfits and fix their hair. There are too many guests to greet and cameras filming their behind-the-scenes. There's too much noise and too many people and they can't be alone for a moment.

Now— Fourth loves the help, and he's gotten used to the bustling behind a show, but— it's getting a bit frustrating.

He manages to catch Gemini going alone to his dress-room before the Third Act of their concert. He watches as Gemini gestures vaguely to P'Earn — perpetual kind smile on his face — and then walks over a room far at the end of the hallway behind the stage. P'Earn stays there, frowning at Gemini's silhouette getting away.

He probably asked for some time alone.

Which *means* Fourth (very) likely shouldn't sneak out to follow him, but he does anyway.

He doesn't know if he's overstepping some boundaries, but he figures that if Gemini really doesn't want him there, he'd just kicked him out.

Gemini is sitting on a chair in the middle of the room when Fourth steps inside the small dressing cubicle, looking down at his leg like it personally offended him— he's got this blank expression on his face, hollow and empty and somewhat exasperated, and he looks… *fragile*, shoulders hunched to his chest.

"Hey," Fourth says softly, closing the door behind him.

Gemini's head shots up, blinking at Fourth as he stays frozen at the door. His shoulders relax when he seems to realize who it is, and some of the usual color comes back to his face, which Fourth takes as a good sign. At least he's not kicking him out.

"Hi," he says back, but it sounds… small.

Fourth inhales. He crosses his arms behind his back and steps closer to him.

The dim light of the room reflects on the glitters on Gemini's face. He looks *exceptionally* pretty, but also really tired. It breaks Fourth's heart.

"I'm not going to ask you if you're okay," he says, mirroring what Gemini told him weeks ago. Gemini opens his mouth to protest, but Fourth admonishes before he can even speak, "*Because* it's obvious you're not and you're going to lie to me about it."

Gemini closes his mouth. He seems like he's struggling not to argue back, though.

"I just wanted to say," Fourth adds, voice going soft as he searches for Gemini's eyes. "It's going to be alright."

He believes that. He seriously does. He knows Gemini will be able to endure the pain, as much as it wounds Fourth to his very core. That won't be a problem. But Fourth knows Gemini is probably having second-thoughts about his previous and future performances, going over them on his head like a broken record; trapped in a guilt circle, focusing on whatever he thinks he made wrong. Always so eager to improve; always one to ask too much of himself— *even* when he keeps telling Fourth he shouldn't be too perfectionist.

Fourth doesn't want him to think he did bad. *He didn't.* He was *amazing* out there— glowing like the shooting star he's always been on stage; wonderful and charming and absolutely *beautiful*. If Fourth didn't already know he was injured, he wouldn't have ever guessed he was with how well he did.

"It'll be okay," he says again. "You're doing just fine now. I swear you were so cool back there. Everyone was very impressed."

Gemini's mouth tugs up into a tiny smile as he glances back at him. "Really?"

Fourth smiles back; gentle. "*Really*. And remember— for the rest of the concert, *I'm* gonna be up there with you. *All the time.* And I'm not gonna leave you alone. Not for a moment."

Honestly speaking, he knows he can't do much. But he *wants* to help. He wants to do anything he can.

"If you need help, I'll be right there," he says, reaching out to squeeze Gemini's shoulder. "Okay?"

Gemini nods, quiet. He's soft as he looks up at Fourth through his eyelashes, breathing in the same space as him.

"Think of me as your temporary leg," Fourth quips, trying to light up the mood.

It works. Gemini giggles briefly— a breathy, bubbly sound. He's devastatingly cute.

Fourth leans down — on autopilot, almost; too used to the feeling by now; too familiar to the thought of wanting to do it — and tilts his head to taste Gemini's laugh into his mouth. At the same time that he's met with Gemini's inviting lips, he realizes he probably shouldn't have done this. For starters, anyone could go inside the room and see them, Fourth didn't even lock the door; *secondly*, this is much more intimate than what he must be allowed to have.

Maybe he just wanted to try what Gemini did back then and comfort him with a kiss. Maybe he just wanted to kiss him because he's always hoping to protect Gemini, more than anything in his life. Maybe he just wanted to do it as a way to show him that he treasures him and that he's there for him.

(Maybe he just wanted to.

Maybe he's just hopeless.)

Anyhow— Gemini is responsive, tilting his chin up and softly kissing back, welcoming and warm. So Fourth doesn't think twice as he cups his cheeks gently and *kisses* him.

He's careful— tender and slow, trying to be as reassuring as he can. He pours all the love and care he has for Gemini into the kiss, softly sucking on his upper lip as his thumbs brush over the skin of his cheeks. He kisses him like Gemini is precious and Fourth won't ever hold something as worth-treasuring as him— because it's true.

Gemini tastes like the strawberry lip gloss he's wearing, and he wonders at the back of his head if Gemini is tasting his lipstick as well.

He steps back but doesn't let go of Gemini's face as he bumps their foreheads together. He stares as Gemini's eyes flutter open in a daze; he's so pretty that Fourth's chest aches— yearns so strongly it kind of knocks the air out of his lungs.

"Don't force yourself too much, would you?" Fourth says, in a voice softer than he intended. He sounds so affectionate it surprises even himself.

The gentleness on his voice must cheer Gemini up, because he smiles sweetly at him. He leans closer, brushing their noses together.

"Thank you," he whispers back.

Fourth hums; stomach giddy and mind dizzy when Gemini pecks his lips once then, still smiling.

"Mhm," he croaks, a tad bit stupid. "Thank *you*."

Gemini arches both eyebrows, a hint of amusement sparkling on his eyes, mouth quirking up.

Fourth opens his mouth, blinking too fast, hands letting go of Gemini's face in shock when he *realizes*— did he just *thank* Gemini for *kissing* him? *Oh my god.*

“I—” he stammers, *still blinking too fast*, ears and face heating up. “I meant— I— *you’re welcome*.”

Gemini laughs. It’s such a pretty sound that Fourth almost forgets how embarrassed he is for a split second.

“*Boys*,” a voice behind them says. Fourth startles, jumping a step away from Gemini like he’s been burned. He turns around to look at P’Earn standing at the doorstep. “You’re up in five minutes.”

Gemini doesn’t look very concerned about the fact that their manager nearly caught them kissing.

“Yeah. Thank you. We’re going, phi,” he says, supporting himself on the armrests of the chair to get up.

“You ready?” Fourth asks, reaching out to help him.

Gemini smiles, all chirpy and exuding happiness from every single one of his pores. He looks nothing like the vulnerable form of minutes ago.

“Don’t worry, babe. I’m ready.”

P’Earn squints at him as he passes her on the hallway, “Are you sure you’re okay?”

“I’ve never been better,” Gemini grins, looking over his shoulder to conspicuously wink at Fourth. *Jesus*. Fourth’s face warms up as P’Earn looks back at him with a raised eyebrow, and he tries very hard to avert her eyes. “Don’t I look fine, Fotfot?”

“Yeah,” he manages to croak, mouth dry.

Gemini laughs. P’Earns glances at them both like she *knows* something is going on; like she thinks there’s something very suspicious about all of this, but doesn’t say anything else.

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(Gemini goes to a check-up with his mom after the concert. He doesn’t talk about the results that much, just brushes over it like *it’s fine* and *he’ll get better soon*.

Fourth figures he shouldn’t push it if he doesn’t want to be asked.

He tries to help him all he can, though.)

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Gemini gets better over time.

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That kiss back at the concert seems like turning on a switch, though, because now Gemini can't stop kissing him.

Between events, sneaking out in breaks of filming infomercials and brands promotions, spending the night in Fourth's apartment and then convincing him to go to his in the rare occasions they have free time. He steals kisses at corridors and empty rooms and dressing lockers and filming sets.

He's starting to get side-eyes from both P'Satang and P'Mark every time they work together, like they *know* something is going on between them.

But *of course* nothing is going on between them.

At least, Fourth doesn't know what is going on between them.

He feels fifteen again; like a mischievous student sneaking out to make out with his crush in empty classrooms, behind the gym, or inside the lonely cleaning room.

He feels dumb and stupid, but he can't help it. He's *enamored*. With Gemini's happy giggles when Fourth kisses him first, or the times he touches a place that tickles him; with the smiles he tastes in his own mouth when Gemini can't stop smiling as he kisses Fourth; with Gemini's warm body arched against him as he sweeps his tongue inside Fourth's lips, curling it slowly over the roof of his mouth and getting Fourth dizzy with it.

He just can't think properly when Gemini is around, and certainly less so if his very pretty lips are on his.

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But everything's normal.

Yes.

Fourth doesn't listen to the echoing thoughts at the back of his head. Not at all.

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“Did you pack your inhaler?”

Gemini gives a tiny nod as he rubs a fist over his half-lidded eyes. They’re currently waiting at the airport for an event overseas, and P’Earn clicks on her phone at their side as Fourth glances back at a sleepy Gemini. It’s too early for him, after all. At least they’ve gotten hold of a relatively empty corner, with just a few fans scattered on the lobby and stealing glances at them.

“Yes.”

“Your medicine for allergies?”

Gemini yawns. He looks incredibly cute. “Yes.”

“Your nose spray?”

Gemini nods a single time again, dutifully. “Yes.”

“Your throat spray?”

“Yup.”

“Your pills in case of inflammation and pain?”

“Yuuup.”

“P’Earn has our passports, and—” he thinks about it, “Oh! Almost forgot. I’ve got another inhaler in my bag; in case you need it…”

He roams inside his backpack to make sure it’s there, then looks up when he confirms it. He’s met with Gemini staring right at him, something puzzling and syrupy in his gaze that Fourth can’t quite name.

Gemini tilts his head. “Did you bring *another* inhaler for me?”

“Yes…?”

Why did he say it like that? Is it that weird? Fourth is just worried something could happen. They’re staying for four days this time; it’s the longest they’ve been out. He wants to make sure Gemini will be okay.

“And you remember all my medicines.”

“Yes,” Fourth confirms; not wanting to add that he actually knows the clinical names of every single one, having learned it after Gemini mentioned them once.

Gemini blinks.

Fourth opens his mouth— “Why are you smiling?”

Gemini shakes his head, happy grin reaching his eyes. “You’re really cute.”

Fourth stutters. “H-Huh?”

“You remember all of that,” Gemini says as an explanation, seemingly touched at Fourth’s genuine concern.

“I just worry about you…” Fourth mumbles, cheeks warming up as Gemini’s sweet grin widens.

“I know.”

Frankly, Gemini is looking at Fourth like he wants to kiss him *right about now*. Fourth would know. He’s been at the other end of that look many, *many* times. But, as much as Fourth *wants* and would like to be kissed by him at this very moment, he’s also alarmingly aware that there are fans around and tons of phones that can (and are very ready to) get a two-second digital record of anything that Gemini tries with Fourth right now.

“I—” Fourth coughs, standing up hastily. “Um. I’m getting some snacks.”

“Oh,” Gemini utters. “I’ll come with you.”

“Not necessary!” Fourth panics, laughing nervously. “Not necessary. I’ll bring you whatever you want.”

“Oh. Okay,” Gemini smiles gently. *Oh god*. Fourth is about to die. “Thank you, *nong*.”

He ignores the way his heart skips a beat.

“…No problem.”

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It doesn’t matter if Gemini doesn’t kiss him on the airport, because when they’re on the plane, he gets up from his seat and scoots to Fourth’s legs as soon as P’Earn gets up to the bathroom.

“Gem!”

Gemini wraps his arms around Fourth’s neck. “What?”

“Sit down!” he hisses.

Gemini tilts his head, like he doesn’t know what’s wrong and why is Fourth freaking the fuck out. They’re on a more private cubicle on the plane, so there’s actually not people around, but this is *still*—

“I’m sat?”

“But not on my lap, silly,” Fourth whispers, mind reeling.

Gemini grins, mischievous glee twinkling on his pretty, hazelnut eyes.

“I’ll come back to my seat when you kiss me.”

Fourth arches an eyebrow. He chokes up a surprised laugh, not really expecting *that* answer.

“W-What?” he croaks, feeling a tad bit delirious.

Gemini is curled up on his lap. On a plane. *Asking to be kissed.*

Is he dreaming? What kind of fantasies are living on his head now?

Gemini’s bottom lip juts out. He looks *extremely* endearing when he pouts. It should be illegal, in Fourth’s humble opinion. No one should be allowed to look so ridiculously adorable. It’s not helping with Fourth’s sanity in the slightest.

“I had the feeling you didn’t want me to kiss you at the airport.”

Fourth blinks.

“Are you *sulking* at me?” he laughs.

God, is he? Fourth is so endeared he could actually coo right now.

“It’s not like I didn’t want to kiss you,” he explains, gentle, reaching out to hold Gemini’s waist. He squeezes lightly on Gemini’s hip. “There were fans around, dummy.”

“Ah,” Gemini utters, like he just realized that. “Right.”

Fourth snorts. “*Right*.”

Gemini blinks, like he’s thinking back on the memory and wondering why is it that he didn’t notice the elephant on the room back there.

“I’m still not getting off unless you kiss me, though,” he says finally, pouting harder. “We’re alone now.”

Fourth’s mouth twitches, the ghost of a smile tugging up his lips.

“Master of manipulation, I see.”

Gemini shrugs, nonchalant. “I’m just Fourth-deprived.”

Fourth laughs. The love and affection running on his veins is so impossibly big it threatens to rip his chest open, leaving him dizzy and giddy.

“Idiot,” he says, so stupidly fond, and then leans forward to taste Gemini’s pout on his mouth.

He *kisses* him, feeling him curl against his chest and pull Fourth closer to him. Kisses him until he’s no longer pouting and he’s smiling against Fourth’s mouth. Kisses him until his hair

is a mess and his lips a pretty cherry-red shade, swollen and wet. Kisses him until he's breathless, humming on Fourth's mouth softly.

(P'Earn almost catches them this time.)

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Gemini bats pretty eyelashes at him. Fourth wonders at the back of his head if Gemini realizes he does this— he'd probably die before admitting he acts cute before asking Fourth something; or maybe he's simply unaware of that endearing habit.

"Can I stay at your condo tonight?"

It's funny how he keeps asking this, like Fourth would ever tell him no.

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One day, Fourth is cooking breakfast for them both as Gemini steps inside Fourth's kitchen in all his morning glory— colorful socks, boxers, messy bedhead. He stayed the night for a movie marathon with Fourth, and they have a schedule a couple of hours later in the evening, so he's probably going to laze around Fourth's apartment until they have to get ready.

He's wearing one of Fourth's old, worn-out tees — one that doesn't look that black anymore after too much laundry — and the red, puffy slippers with cat-ears he likes. He looks soft and *cozy* and stupidly, ridiculously *cute*, and there's nothing remotely romantic about their current situation, but Fourth would kiss him breathless without question. He hasn't wanted to kiss anyone this bad before, in fact.

He pointedly ignores the fact that the tee is going to smell like Gemini later, and the Earth-shattering, crushing, *terrifying* realization that it's not the first time he's thought about the incessant want to kiss Gemini when he's around looking abundantly ordinary and domestic in the middle of Fourth's apartment.

"I'm doing breakfast," he says, voice weird to his own ears as he turns his attention back on the stove.

Gemini mumbles something incoherent behind him as he steps closer. Then, he rests his chin on Fourth's shoulder to peek at the scrambled eggs he's making on the frying pan. Fourth

purposely fakes he doesn't notice the way his heartbeat picks up at Gemini's closeness.

"Sleepy," he drawls, drowsy. His voice is still husky, and it makes Fourth's stomach get all fluttery.

He'd be thinking of that all day if he wasn't already too fond of Gemini being clingy as soon as he wakes up.

"I see that," Fourth says back, gentle.

He lifts up the spoon across his chest to let Gemini taste the eggs. Gemini doesn't need to be told anything, just bites down on what he's offered.

"Do you think it's too salty?" Fourth asks.

Gemini hums, contemplative. Then shakes his head. "Nope."

Fourth smiles. "Good."

Gemini hums again in response, wrapping his arms around Fourth's middle to back-hug him. He pulls at Fourth closer to him, nuzzling on the crook of his neck like he's trying to fall asleep using Fourth's collarbone as a pillow.

His hair tickles under Fourth's jaw, and Fourth is suddenly filled with so much affection for Gemini that he might as well choke on it.

He chuckles, endeared. "What are you doing?"

Gemini pouts, blinking slowly at him; eyes still somnolent.

"Recharging for the day," he answers, simple.

Fourth's mouth twitches; wobbly smile curling up on his lips.

"You look like a cat," he points out. "Very cute."

He's probably too sleepy to argue back on the 'cute' comment; or maybe he's getting used at Fourth calling him that every chance he gets.

"We should get cats," Gemini mumbles.

Fourth's heart skips inside his ribcage; something akin trembling warmth vibrating under his skin.

"Like… together?"

Gemini shrugs, tucking Fourth's body closer. "Why not?"

"Why not…" Fourth echoes.

He gulps, mind buzzing with a thousand million thoughts.

Gemini stares at his pensive frown for a moment before he kisses Fourth's neck. One, two, three times; then, he's back at resting his chin on Fourth's shoulder and watching him cook.

The kisses are soft and gentle; just a featherlight press of his lips over Fourth's pulse, then at the joint where his neck and shoulder meet, then on the sensitive spot under his jaw. It's tender and sweet and affectionate; warm as his breath ghosts over the column of Fourth's neck.

It's enough to send Fourth down a spiral; heart thundering like crazy on his chest, hands quivering, a thousand of alarms going off inside his brain.

His mouth opens with an unsaid question, hovering over their heads with rumbling emotion as Fourth feels like delicate hummingbirds dance around at the pit of his stomach.

He knows what they're doing is playfully teetering over a fragile, precarious line. But at the same time, it's not until then he *realizes*. The line has long ago gotten too blurry to even know where they're standing.

What is he doing? What are they *doing? And why does it feel like Gemini is acting like his boyfriend?*

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The questions echo inside Fourth's head over and over again like a broken record; buzz under his skin like they're trying to eat him alive.

What is he doing? What are they doing?

He can't stop thinking about it.

He can't stop agonizing over it with tremulous dread.

He knows—

He's fucking this up. He's fucking their friendship over and over again, and he doesn't know how to stop it.

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(He thought making out would be bad, but having Gemini give him soft kisses on his bed and as soon as he wakes up and before falling asleep and before they have some schedule or after

they finish some event— that is *so much worse*. Truly detrimental to his current messy emotional state.

He's not supposed to like this the way he does. He's not supposed to *want* this the way he does.

He's getting carried away.)

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Like every time he's starting to freak out about something, he consults P'Satang.

He's smart and actually really kind, and he's always listening to whatever Fourth has to tell him.

"Would you say it's weird if two friends make out with each other?"

Satang blinks at the sudden question. He's sitting on Fourth's small sofa, and Fourth deliberately ignores the fact that he's thinking back on the moment he kissed Gemini there until they lost track of time.

"What kind of friends make out with each other in the first place…?"

"Best friends?" Fourth offers, laughing awkwardly.

Satang quirks an eyebrow.

"Well," he says, slowly. "I wouldn't say they're being very *friendly* towards each other, if you know what I mean."

"You don't know what's going on," Fourth retorts, voice high-pitched. "You lack context! Maybe there's a perfectly reasonable explanation behind their actions."

Satang's eyebrows meet his hairline. "Like what?"

"…Practicing?"

Satang snorts, amused. "For what? *Dating?"*

Fourth groans into his hands. He's *so* fucked.

"I'm just saying," Satang shrugs. "I'm pretty sure that's not very platonic."

Fourth groans harder. *God*, he's so, *so fucked*.

He's ruining his friendship with Gemini*,* oh fuck. *Shit*.

“But everyone is different, I guess?” Satang suggests, frowning at his visceral reaction. “… Why do you look so angsty? Is it someone you know?”

“No!” Fourth’s head shots up, flailing as he tries to amend things. “It’s hypothetical. All hypothetical!”

Satang squints at him.

“…Why are you being weird?”

“I’m not,” Fourth croaks.

“You *are*,” Satang insists. “Very suspicious, in fact.”

He scans Fourth’s face with curious eyes, wary. Fourth tries to act normally, but it’s very hard.

A minute later, Satang seems to find whatever he was searching for, because his eyes widen in realization.

“Oh god,” he says, mouth hanging open in silent surprise. “Wait— is this why you and Gemini have been acting pretty weird around each other lately?”

Fourth is pretty sure he hears someone inside his head screeching.

“Oh my god, it’s written all over your face! Winny told me I was crazy but I knew it!” he points an accusatory finger at Fourth. “You two were so sneaky all the time!”

“I—” Fourth starts, but stops when he doesn’t know how to continue.

He huffs, hiding behind his hands.

“Oh *wow*, have you been kissing all this time?” Satang says, leaning forward on his seat eagerly. “Are you two together now?”

Fourth groans one more time. *He’s gonna die.*

“Could you *calm* down?” he laments.

Satang clicks his mouth shut, lifting up both hands in a surrender gesture.

Fourth inhales, long and deep. He thinks something inside his brain is *pulsing*; throbbing at an alarming speed.

Oh god. He’s not having this conversation, is he?

“We’re not together,” he says, slowly. “But we… kiss. Sometimes. I don’t really know what we’re doing.”

Satang nods, like he’s trying to get the situation inside his head.

“*Okay*,” he declares. “So you’re not officially dating but kiss and make out.”

“Kinda…”

“So, like… you’re in a situtationship?”

“*No*,” Fourth sizzles; then winces when he realizes that’s kind of the truth. “I don’t know? He suggested it at first to practice—”

Satang makes a face that Fourth is going to remember for the rest of his life.

“Don’t laugh!” he admonishes, huffing. “It was serious for him. And we were practicing, I suppose? He even asked for advice. And it was fun. And then we got around to try some stuff — oh my God, *please* don’t make that face, I didn’t do anything weird! — I don’t know, it was good and all but then we sort of…” he trails off, thinking on how to explain it. “Got… off the main reason why we started doing this?”

Satang scrunches up his nose. “How so?”

“I’m not sure?” Fourth gestures wildly, frustrated. “But he keeps kissing me *all the time* now. I don’t know why he’s doing it or what he’s thinking about all of this.”

“Gemini can be hard to read sometimes,” Satang concedes.

“I know! And— It’s not like I don’t like it,” Fourth says. “The problem is that I *do* like it. *A lot*. And I don’t know what I’m doing anymore,” he bites the inside of his cheek, anxious. “Do you think we’re still friends?”

Satang shoots Fourth a look that is answer enough to tell him he asked a very stupid question.

“*Respectfully*,” Satang says, “I think you’ve overstepped that line long ago. You *stomped* on it, actually.”

Fourth whimpers, sorrowful. “But I don’t even know how he feels about me!”

“*Fourth*,” Satang says, like he’s about to explain a two-year-old kid the alphabet. “I’m pretty sure he doesn’t feel very platonically about you if he keeps kissing you all the time without a reason.”

Fourth frets over it.

“But I don’t know, it’s still confusing…”

“Then why don’t you ask him how he feels?”

Fourth shakes his head vigorously.

“I rather die, thank you.”

"*Look*," Satang says, gesturing to emphasize how important he thinks this is. "Things like this don't get anywhere if you don't *talk things out*. Communication is *key*."

"Again," Fourth repeats, "I rather go hide in a hole and never be found."

Satang exhales, contemplative. He keeps quiet as Fourth agonizes over this whole situation. Maybe he's thinking of another solution.

"Wait," he says then. "Aren't you going on this holiday trip with your family next week?"

"Yes…?" Fourth frowns. "If you tell me to ask him to join me, I *won't* do it. I'd die of embarrassment first."

"I wasn't going to say that," Satang replies. "But it's perfect timing, don't you think? It's like *an entire week* away from Gemini. It'll help you clear things in your head, and maybe you'll come back ready to talk things out with him."

"Do you think so?" Fourth ponders.

Satang nods. "I think it'll be good for you."

Fourth breathes in, deep. "Okay."

Satang offers a kind smile, reaching out to pat Fourth's knee.

"I'm here if you need anything, okay?" he reassures, gentle. "Like I said, I think it's better to talk to him about how you're feeling; but you don't have to rush it if you're feeling anxious about it. Take your time."

"Okay," Fourth mulls over, "Yes, *right*. You're right. Thank you. I'll think about it."

"Good."

Satang's smile this time is sympathetic. Fourth isn't really sure if that makes him feel better or worse.

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Maybe Satang is right, though. Maybe this whole trip will be good for him.

Maybe being away from Gemini is what he needs to make sense of the whole jumble of thoughts inside his head. Maybe it'll help clearing out the whole mess buzzing inside his brain.

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One week later, he realizes this is *not* helping.

Well. Not entirely true— in a way, it is; but in the other, he's lamenting he ever decided to go on this trip in the first place.

Putting some distance between them helps him sort out his feelings— being alone with his mind forces him to listen carefully to all the boisterous bustling he kept pushing at the back of his head; making one single thought of the myriad of disjointed, messy emotions swirling like a storm inside his brain. Because two days in, he realizes awfully that it's (abundantly) crystal-clear that he's completely, madly, thoroughly and *irrevocably* in love with Gemini, and that he's so tremendously stupid for haven't noticed it before.

He's never been more sure about anything in his life.

Then again; Gemini is not here, and even if he was, it wouldn't help much. He doesn't know how Gemini feels about him.

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Three days in, his sister makes fun of him for being, in her words *'sulking about his crush all the time'.* Which he isn't, thank you very much. (Maybe he is. A tiny bit.)

Four days in, he realizes he misses Gemini so fucking much it's driving him insane. He misses Gemini *like crazy*.

He hasn't texted him this whole time. And it's not like they usually text or call each other, *but*.

Doesn't he miss Fourth too? Doesn't he want to talk to him?

On the fifth day, he starts wondering what Gemini is doing back in Thailand. He wonders if he's thinking of him as well, or if he wants to call, or if he's thought about taking the first flight to visit him in an impulsive, spur-of-the-moment decision. He wonders if he's going as crazy as Fourth.

On the sixth day, he almost calls Gemini. But he doesn't— because he doesn't want to bother him, and if he's not calling Fourth, then that means he doesn't want to talk. Maybe they were being too clingy before and he *did* want some space. Maybe he's happy Fourth is away. Maybe Fourth is the only desperate one.

He doesn't call nor text him, even when Satang messages him a laconic, straightforward *'if you want to text or call him, just do it'* after he tells him about his mortal struggle.

On the seventh day, he fixates on and rereads, over and over again, the replies Gemini made on his Instagram posts, where he uploaded a couple of pictures of his trip.

On the eighth day, he starts reading romantic book quotes on the internet about pining and thinking they're all about him. (His sister laughs a lot about this one particular habit. His mom just smiles at him like she's equally parts amused and worried about him.)

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("I've never been more sure of anything in my life than I am of the fact that I love you and I can't stop loving you. I tried. God knows I tried, because I didn't think you'd ever be able to let me love you like I wanted to. But I failed, and now I love you even more than I did before."

— *Catherine Gayle, Breakaway.*

Oh. It *sure* sounds like it's talking about him.)

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It's not like he's not having fun with his family. He's really, *really* happy about being here with them, and he's been resting so much he actually feels weird about it— not having been able to fully rest in a long time before.

He's eaten delicious food, watched movies and snowboarded with his sister, had quality time with his parents, helped his mom cook, took a lot of pictures with his dad.

He's happy and actually glad that he's here.

It's just that Gemini is always at the back of his head, and when he thinks too long about him, he gets into this moody state where no one can get him out from.

He misses Gemini like crazy.

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On the ninth day, he comes back home.

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As soon as he steps inside his apartment — after eating with his family, and reassuring them he'd be okay — he's about to unpack his stuff when a text pops up on his screen.

It’s a LINE message, and even when he doesn’t have the phone number registered, he *knows* who it is from.

He’s sure his heart knows it as well; already beating fast as Fourth gets sight of the digits and words. They’re three texts, and Fourth reads over them with both enthusiasm and nervousness.

Welcome back. :)! It reads the first one.

Are you free tonight?

Fourth feels his heart thundering on his throat, mouth dry as he sees the last message.

Can I see you?

Chapter End Notes

thank you for reading!! p'satang finally showed up, ah-hah!

idk..... i kept rewriting this over and over again, then editing it, then reading it and feeling like shit. it's 3 in the fucking morning and im tired. i hope it wasn't too disappointing,,,,,,, sobs

as always, please let me know your thoughts! comments are very welcomed, appreciated, loved and encouraged!! :') <3 i'll read them all with so much love. <3 i want to know your thoughts, it means the world to me. your favorite scenes/dialogues/quotes/feelings so far! just please be nice <3

you can find me on twitter as @iluvgem4th !! in case u want to follow me there. <3 i like to ramble on there :) haven't been that active recently bc ive been struggling with anxiety and my mental health, but i'll try my best to be around more :')

have a lovely weekend AND week. i hope this chapter cheered u all up. again, thank u so much for reading, for your endless support and love to this and my other fics. i truly appreciate it. i'm kissing you all on your foreheads and patting your backs <3 have a wonderful week and remember to take care of yourselves lovely human beings <3 gemfot love you all <3

Too Close To Handle

Chapter Summary

Fourth and Gemini see each other after the week Fourth spent away with his family.

Chapter Notes

hello, fellow iwby enthusiasts <3 i'm so glad people are still here reading this.

i'm gonna be a bit sappy here but allow me to be for a moment. i'm truly thankful to every single one of you who are still reading this. this was my first long fic into the fandom and i think we've come a long way (and many fics later!) since i started writing this :') when i started writing it, it was just some fun, self-indulgent project because i love writing about kisses and i loved the premise. it was very silly and i never thought it'd get so much love. nonetheless, i'm so grateful for it. ngl, when i talked about this fic on the tl a few weeks back, i expected crickets ajdlskj. i didn't know people were still interested in knowing what was going to happen in the last chapters. it was such a happy surprise for me :')) i'm so so so happy this fic is so loved. i'm glad it can make u all happy. and i'm so overjoyed that this can be a comfort place to some of you. i feel like my writing has served its purpose every time someone tells me they smiled or got too happy with it. i'm truly glad. and i'm truly blessed to have something i created bringing happiness to people's lives. it's such a wonderful thing. :')

thank you for your endless patience with me, and for always waiting for my updates. it means so much. and i'm sorry. life happens, i guess. i wish i could write all i have in mind in one go without life getting in the way grr.

i love you all, my dear, lovely readers for being here. i love you. <3 thank you from the bottom of my heart.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Objectively speaking, Fourth is aware nine days is not a lot of time. A speckle in the infinity of days of one’s life.

However, being away from Gemini after fully realizing he’s in love with him for nine entire days feels like it’s been nine entire *months* of pure agony, and his heart can’t hold back its enthusiasm — jumping, skipping, doing all kind of gymnastics inside his chest — as he stands in front of Gemini’s door, hand hovering awkwardly above the doorknob.

His erratic heartbeat was already a mess during the ride here from his own apartment, fidgety and crumbling under both the nerve-wrecking excitement and the nervousness simmering in his stomach; but *right now*— standing in front of Gemini's home— his pulse is going absolutely ballistic. He's never been this excited, happy and completely terrified, all at once.

He breathes in; out. The air filling his lungs makes him dizzy instead of calming him down.

Get it together, Fourth; he tells himself. *It's just Gem.*

(Except Gem isn't just anybody. He's *Gemini Norawit* — his best friend, his confident boost, his supporter, his confidant, his safe zone, his *partner* — and Fourth is terribly, awfully, *exceptionally* smitten with him.)

He doesn't get it together, but he knocks either way; his fist a trembling hand, his nails digging into his palm. The door is opened the next second, as if Gemini was standing right behind it waiting for Fourth to come. The simple idea of it being true is exhilarating, and sends a rush of thrilled mirth in Fourth's blood—

The possibility of Gemini being as desperate as Fourth is to see him, that he'd willingly wait in front of the door all the minutes it'd take Fourth to get to his apartment since he replied to his text, makes Fourth all sorts of giddy and lightheaded.

Is he really that eager to see Fourth too? Did he miss him just as much?

Gemini grabs Fourth's wrist from where he's about to knock the second time, and pulls him inside. Fourth stumbles, bumping into Gemini's chest as Gem closes the door behind Fourth. Fourth opens his mouth, looking up at Gemini as he tries to process everything that happened in this split second, but Gem doesn't let him do that. As soon as he's two steps inside the apartment, Gemini *tackles* him into a bear-hug, arms wrapping behind Fourth's head as his face looks for refuge in the crook of Fourth's neck.

Fourth trips back, almost pushed against the door with the way Gemini quite *launches* himself towards Fourth.

Gemini is *warm*— extremely so— and his proximity and touch drain all of Fourth's worries away in a matter of seconds. Fourth eases, letting himself be embraced and be close to the person he's been missing for *too long*.

There's something about Gemini's hold that makes him feel safe— comforted and welcomed and *relaxed*— ticking down every brick of Fourth's anxious walls. Right there, in Gemini's arms, there's nothing that could ever hurt him. Nothing that could ever make him feel bad.

In Gemini's arms, Fourth feels like the world is a happy, warm, beautiful place. And he could live here forever.

He hugs Gem back, helpless and eager and needy, *craving* for Gemini's touch. He's so desperate to be closer and closer and *closer*, but he tries to be delicate. His hands softly caress their way up Gemini's back, until his arms are bracketing all of Gemini's upper body between them. Fourth can feel Gemini's slight tremble against him and the way he pushes himself

even closer to Fourth, nuzzling in the slope of Fourth's shoulder, nosing the column of his neck as he downright *melts* under Fourth's featherlight fingertips.

Fourth *aches*— yearns and longs so stupidly much that he worries he's gonna act on it and say something he shouldn't.

He clings to Gemini instead, leaning his head on top of Gem's hair and fisting the fabric of Gemini's worn-out tee, and Gemini hums dreamily, almost like a cat's quiet purr.

God.

Fourth is so ridiculously endeared by the gesture that he could start *squealing* right there. Because, even when Gem is taller than him, and a tad bit older, he feels so *small* in Fourth's arms. Like he's letting himself be spoiled and taken care of. Like he doesn't need to be tough or cool. Like he's just a nineteen-year-old craving for his friend's attention; boyish, gentle, sweet.

And Fourth feels this strong urge to protect him; to spoil him rotten and give him anything he wants and just entirely devote himself to him. He'd be happy his whole life if Gemini was happy next to him.

Fourth cards the back of Gem's head, fingers combing through the silky strands of hazelnut hair.

Gem makes a tiny, content sound, like he's encouraging Fourth to keep going with his ministrations.

"Hi," he says then, tone soft and gentle. The kind of baby voice he uses with his mom, and most recently with Fourth too.

Fourth giggles. He feels stupid, but even if it's something dumb and silly, he's truly so incredibly happy to see Gemini again. To hold him, to *hear* his voice.

"Hey," he answers back, voice syrupy sweet. It comes off fonder than he originally intents to, but he guesses he can't help it.

"Hello," Gemini says, moving his head to rest his chin on Fourth's collarbone.

Fourth's hand rubs circles in the small arch of Gemini's back, fingertips dipping under the hem of Gemini's t-shirt to get a tease of Gem's slender waist. The skin *burns* under his fingers, and the contact is electrifying. Fourth's chest chants, bubbly and nervous and *wanting*.

I want you. *I want you, I want you, I want you.*

Gemini chuckles, pulling himself back just enough distance to look at Fourth in the eyes. Fourth wonders at the back of his head if the way he brushes the side of his face against Fourth's as he moves back is on purpose or not, but the sole act drives him a bit too insane, making his chest all the more fluttery.

God. Fourth aches *everywhere*. The depth of his longing is actually ridiculous.

“You’re back,” Gemini says. His voice is barely a whisper, face too close to him that Fourth can count every single one of his eyelashes.

Fourth hums, teetering closer. “I am.”

His answer makes Gemini smile— a boyish, happy, toothy grin curls up on his lips, face lighting up like a kid who just got his favorite toy back.

“Welcome home, FotFot.”

Fourth’s heart stutters. Gemini is so devastatingly cute in this moment that Fourth is tremendously amazed at the fact that he’s able to hold back and not kiss him all over his adorable pretty face.

Welcome home, he says. Fourth wants to be annoyingly sappy and tell Gemini *he’s* his home and Fourth is very happy to come back to him. But he won’t.

He smiles back instead, tilting his head to the side as he tries to tease Gemini with a cheeky grin, poking Gem’s back with his index finger.

“Missed me, *teerak*?” he prods.

Gem almost pouts, bottom lip jutting out as he bats his eyelashes at Fourth and answers sincerely, “Of course.”

Fourth blinks.

Oh.

He didn’t expect Gemini to admit something like that; especially to his *face* of all things. He didn’t even comment on Fourth’s flirty nickname.

“So,” Gem says, as if nothing out of the ordinary came out of his pretty mouth, “What d’you wanna do tonight?”

He crosses his arms behind Fourth’s head and pushes himself closer to Fourth again, hovering in his personal space as he looks at Fourth through his eyelashes.

Fourth’s getting dizzy. His eyes dart down to Gem’s lips before blinking up again, distracted. “Hm? Tonight?”

“*Tonight*,” Gemini nods, then offers a sweet, adoring smile, tinted with boyish mischief. It’s so lovely and tender and *happy*, Fourth wants to taste it in his own mouth. “I’m *spoiling* you.”

Fourth quirks an eyebrow, a surprised laugh coming out of his mouth. “Are you?”

“Yup.”

Gemini's grin is *sunshine* incarnate. Fourth is experiencing otherworldly levels of cuteness aggression looking at him.

"*Aow*," Fourth laughs. "Such a gentleman you are."

"Your prince," Gem scrunches up his nose, giggly. *He's so cute*. "Your *knight* in shining armor."

"You're prettier than any prince or knight, though."

"Oh-hoh? *Cheesy*," Gem *bleps*, but bursts out laughing a second later. His eyes *sparkle*, like a starry-sky or the city at night showered in light, overjoyed and amused and lively. "Bet you missed flirting with me."

"I missed more than that," he blurts it out before he can think better of it, but he's not lying through his teeth and saying he was joking now that it has come out of his mouth.

Gemini softens, staring back at him, "Is that so?"

You have no idea, Fourth doesn't say. *I missed you like crazy,* he doesn't add. *An absurd, astronomical amount. It was getting ridiculous.*

He can't say any of it. He can't say how many times he daydreamed about him, and how many times he looked at Gemini's contact in his phone waiting for him to call, a second away from texting him himself. He looked like a dumbstruck moron in love, if his mom and sister's equally amused and concerned looks were any indication of how badly he had it.

"*So*," Gemini repeats, and pokes Fourth's cheek with his finger. "What would you like to do? We can watch something. Or have dinner," he pouts, contemplative. "Or just sleep, you're probably tired. You just came back."

Fourth's smile softens. He can feel himself mellowing, like marshmallows in hot chocolate slowly melting down. *God*, he adores Gemini with his whole heart.

"What was your plan when you texted me?" he asks. "Did you have something in mind?"

Gem shakes his head, "Not really," he shrugs, eyes shining. "I just wanted to see you."

Ah.

The answer is so unabashedly sincere and unapologetically unfiltered that it catches Fourth off guard. Gemini *does* look sort of sheepish after saying it, smile wobbling shyly as he glances back at Fourth. However, he holds Fourth's intense gaze and doesn't avert eye-contact, and he doesn't step away either. *He's right there*. And he's not backing down from what he just said.

Fourth is going to fucking *die*. He can't bear Gemini being especially sweet and clingy with him, not *right now*. Not knowing he's irrevocably in love with him, and definitely *not* while being on thin fucking ice, teetering over the edge of a cliff with their fragile, unknown relationship. One misstep and he could fuck up this forever, and he just *can't* do that.

This is *Gemini*. He *can't* fuck this up.

Fourth pointedly ignores the backflips his stomach is doing so he can focus on picking one thing from Gemini's offer of things to do instead.

He can't focus, he can't focus, he can't focus.

"We can watch a movie," he says, like everything's completely normal between them and Gemini didn't just say that *he missed Fourth* and that *he wanted to see him*. Like his heart is not going into cardiac arrest at this point.

Because Gemini *wanted* to see him. He missed him just as much as Fourth did. He needs him just as much as Fourth needs *him*. Oh holy fuck.

"A movie will be, then," Gem nods once, then salutes him falsely solemn; oblivious to Fourth's spiraling emotional state and playing it goofy. "Right away. A romantic movie coming up."

Gem turns around to march over his living-room, grabbing Fourth's arm so he can pull him along.

"How do you know I want to watch a romance?"

Gemini shoots him a look over his shoulder. "*Fourth*."

Fourth laughs nervously, "What?"

"You *love* romcoms," Gemini rolls his eyes, but he's smiling nonetheless. "*You're* a hopeless romantic."

Fourth's ears grow hot. Is it that obvious? He's not *that* bad, is he?

"Am not," he mumbles, sulky but overall embarrassed.

Gemini smiles at him like he finds Fourth completely adorable.

"You *totally* are," he says. "It's cute."

Fourth's *face* grows hot— he can feel his cheeks warming up, the base of his neck heating up. He hates the way his body betrays him, showing how evidently Gemini's words have an effect on him.

Get it together, Fourth.

(But he doesn't. Gemini is too pretty, and he's too close, and he's too *cute* to handle on his own, and Fourth is a simple human. A simple human very much in love with him.)

Gemini asks him if he has a movie in mind, then suggests a couple of options from the streaming app he has open on the TV, then gives Fourth the remote so he can pick one for

himself. Then, he flops down on the couch, arms crossed behind his head, legs stretched across the seats and stomach up to the ceiling.

Fourth blinks at him. In any other circumstance, he wouldn't mind Gemini monopolizing the space in the couch, but but right now he's fully aware of the fact that wherever he chooses to sit, he's gonna be painfully close to him, and Fourth is not gonna be able to concentrate on their movie at all if that happens.

He breathes in. He sits down on the edge of the sofa, just around Gemini's middle, careful to not touch him.

Gem gives him a strange look. "What are you doing?"

Fourth clears off his throat. "What do you mean?"

Gemini pouts, and it reminds Fourth of that cute meme of a duck. Fourth is gonna bite him, seriously. He shouldn't be allowed to be that cute.

"You're too far away," he says, and his voice goes all whiny.

Fourth is pretty sure his knees buckle at the tone, even when he's not standing on his feet and he's fully seated. Fourth wants nothing more than just roll on top of him and kiss him silly. He wants to cup Gemini's face and kiss him until Gemini forgets everything else. Until he doesn't want to kiss anyone else for the rest of his life but Fourth.

"Fourth?"

Fourth gulps, eyes fixating on the TV screen instead of looking back at him. "Yeah?"

"C'mere," Gem says, almost mumbling, voice going low and husky and *deep*. Fourth's toes *curl*. It's fucking *insane* the way he can change his tone of voice so easily and the way every single tone he uses makes Fourth's brain malfunction in different, multiple forms.

Maybe it's Gemini's voice that leaves him unable to react, but as he's glancing back, Gemini stretches one arm to hold Fourth again and Fourth doesn't do anything to stop him. His long fingers wrap around Fourth's wrist — firm but not unkindly as he pulls Fourth to him. Fourth falls down on Gemini's chest unceremoniously, clumsily trying to put some space between them with his free hand pushing on the couch before Gem decides that he *doesn't* want space between them. He sneaks one arm around Fourth's waist and moves to tuck Fourth at his side, so Fourth lies comfortably on top of Gemini, head under his jaw, legs entangled. Fourth's back ends up pressed on the backrest of the sofa, and he's sandwiched between it and Gemini's soft body.

Fourth splutters as he realizes their positions, flustered. He can feel himself getting hot all over, and he fears his entire body is probably blushing with how much his skin feels like burning. This is it. He's gonna collapse in a pile of ashes *right here.*

"You okay?" Gemini asks, probably confused by Fourth's small flustered sounds.

"*Mmngh*."

Fourth hides his face on Gemini's neck so he can't see how red he is. He can't catch his voice, so he just tries to nod.

Gemini is not convinced with only that, though.

"Fot?" he calls again, moving his head and trying to get a glimpse of Fourth's face. But Fourth is a *mess*. A complete and utter shy disaster.

He clicks blindly on the remote to put a movie as a lame attempt to make Gem's attention go somewhere else.

It works, *gladly*. Gemini makes a cute noise, as if surprised Fourth already chose something, and his eyes dart back to the TV, curious.

Meanwhile, Fourth's mind is buzzing white *static*, and he feels like a sizzling pot— shaky and fidgety and *fizzing,* like a soda can about to pop open.

Oh my god. Why is he getting so worked up over getting manhandled by Gem? *Well*… not even *manhandled*, as in Gem seems incapable of being rough with Fourth in any way; but he sure as hell did move Fourth easily. *Fuck*, thinking back on it, he *did* move Fourth pretty easily. *Fuuuuuuuuuck.* Fourth is *not* thinking about how stupidly hot that was. Nope. Definitely not.

Fourth is going to *die*. He's gonna set himself on fire, that's what it is.

He tries to calm down. He tries to be reasonable. It's not even the first time they *cuddle*— having spent too many times sleeping on the same place before— so he doesn't know why he's so flustered over this specific night. He can even see his hands trembling, unable to stay normal about this.

Maybe it's the fact that he's aware of his feelings now. Maybe it's just that going from being away from Gemini for an entire week to being so close to him is getting dizzyingly overwhelming.

The thing is— Gemini is so incredibly soft where Fourth is pressed against him and he smells so ridiculously *good*. He's *cozy* and welcoming, and Fourth's want and affection hits him full force until it's invading every curve and space inside his body. Gemini is *so close* and *everywhere;* and he's touching Fourth so gently and tenderly and—

Fourth can't do this. He's going a bit delirious.

He makes an attempt to calm himself down focusing on Gemini's heartbeat. It's steady, beating softly under Fourth's cheek, pressed to Gem's chest. It's a soothing sound— a reminder that Gem is alive and there with him, and that Fourth can be this close to him.

Like a lullaby, it slowly makes Fourth relax. Tension rolling off his back, hands pulsing but not shaky anymore, Fourth can think more clearly.

Fuck it. He decides that if he's already here and Gemini doesn't seem to mind, he's gonna enjoy this. He's just *tired*. Tired of overthinking, tired of feeling like his love is an obstacle,

tired of thinking he's gonna lose his best friend any moment, tired of feeling like he's gonna mess it up any second. He just wants to be in this moment and feel Gemini close. That's all.

For a moment, he doesn't want to think beyond what's happening.

So he *tries*.

He sinks in Gemini's warmth, curled-up at his side, and hugs Gemini's waist. Gem's hand traces Fourth's arm up and down, over and over again, fingertips brushing featherlight on Fourth's skin.

It's so comforting Fourth almost falls asleep, listening calmly to Gemini's sweet, melodic heartbeat.

Thump-thump, thump-thump, thump-thump.

Fourth wants to live here. He could as well never get up again.

He's not even paying attention to the movie playing on the TV, but rather at the way Gemini hugs him back. His touch is careful and sweet, and makes Fourth feel all kinds of loved. He pulls Fourth closer and draws circles over Fourth's skin; plays with Fourth's feet and pokes at Fourth's waist and ribs teasingly.

He looks so… *at ease* with Fourth there. And there's something in the way he keeps trying to be in contact with Fourth, in the way he seemingly wants to keep touching.

That is, Gemini is usually clingy off-cam. Especially with Fourth lately. Fourth *knows* that. But today is different, he can feel it in his bones, in the way Gem's body language screams to him. *I missed you; I missed you; I missed you. I want to be close, I want to be close, I want to be close to* you.

He doesn't need to verbalize it. Fourth can hear it loud and clear.

"It's been a long time since we do that," Gem says suddenly, and Fourth blinks owlishly, confused.

"Hm?"

He can feel Gemini's bubbly laugh on his chest, reverberating against his core and making his stomach flex under Fourth.

He points at the screen with his chin, "*That*."

Fourth brings his attention back to the screen. It's only then when he realizes the characters there are playfully wrestling.

"Oh."

"It looks fun," Gemini chirps.

Fourth looks up, and Gemini looks back at him. A wide grin slowly curls up on his lips, and his eyes *sparkle* merrily, a tint of naughtiness glowing on them, etched in the slightly cheeky smile on his mouth.

Oh. Fourth *knows* that look.

"*Gem*."

It doesn't matter how much of a scold he tries to make the way he calls his name, because Gemini does it anyway. A second later, he's catching Fourth's legs with his own and stopping Fourth from defending himself as he goes for his wrists, successfully rolling them over and sitting on top of him with a triumphant look.

Well… it's not like Fourth put that much of an effort to fight back, honestly. Now, Gemini has him pinned to the couch, all smiley and giggly as he sits back on Fourth's thighs like he *belongs* there. His legs are quite wrapped around Fourth's hips.

Yeah… Fourth is just as happy and satisfied with the result, thank you very much.

Gemini grins, "Hey down there."

He's *dazzling*; glowing like he's made of stardust. Fourth is absolutely and completely enamored. He feels in heaven.

He smiles back, knowing that his heart-eyes must be glaringly obvious. But for once, he doesn't even care.

He tilts his head back, admiring how dreamy Gemini is. "Hi, pretty boy."

Gemini blinks at the pet name, hands letting go of Fourth's arms as he leans back. His nose and cheeks dust a faint shade of pink, but he laughs it off.

"You're *so* flirty," he accuses, smiling at Fourth like he finds it amusing.

Fourth shoots him a coquettish grin, "You make it easy."

Gemini rolls his eyes like he's very done with him, but also fondly exasperated. The affection in his eyes is crystal-clear.

"Did you let me win?"

Gemini's messy hair cascades around his face, and the light from the living room showers over him like an angelic halo. He looks *mesmerizing*. His smile is soul-crushingly beautiful; and his doe-eyes looking down at Fourth are warm and irrevocably bewitching.

Looking up at him, dazed by how utterly breathtaking he is, Fourth wants to ask him if he's sure about being the one who truly won. Having a very pretty boy sitting on you feels like a blessing to him.

"Maybe you just got stronger," he shrugs.

Gemini laughs again, “You think so?”

Ah. Watching Gemini laugh is a life-altering moment. He’s bubbly and contagious, full of life and vibrant colors. You’re never the same once you see him for the first time, and once you do you’ll want to make everything in your power to make him laugh like that again.

Fourth feels so happy that he’s able to see him laugh so much in front of him.

“I do,” Fourth says.

Gemini shoots him a cheeky smile, the left corner of his mouth quirking up.

“*Or*, you know,” he says, purposely; voice velvety as it rolls out of his tongue, “Maybe you just tricked me because you wanted to have me on top of you.”

Fourth blinks. Then, he grins, chest going fluttery with every breath he takes. He’s delighted with the comment, as much as he’s surprised; even when he knows Gem is just teasing him.

“Well,” he concedes, looking at Gem through his eyelashes, “It’s a very pretty view.”

Maybe it’s the way Fourth glances up at him, something flirty in his voice or overly enticing in his eyes. Maybe it’s just how sincere he sounded or the way he can’t stop staring at him. Anyhow, Gemini *blushes*. Unmistakably so. He’s bright pink, up there on his cheeks and down his nose to the base of his neck.

“*Ai’Fot*,” he squeaks.

Fourth laughs, mirth coming out of him in waves.

“What?” he chortles. “*You* started it.”

Gemini shakes his head. The smile on his face means he’s not mad at all, but he seems a tad bit mortified at Fourth’s lack of filter. “You have no shame.”

Fourth laughs harder.

“*Aow*. Me?”

“Yeah, *you*.”

Fourth chuckles. “You’re really cute.”

Gemini hums, scrunching up his nose. “You’re *always* saying that.”

“That’s because you’re *always* cute,” Fourth grins. “Didn’t you know?”

Gemini breathes in, leaning forward, then setting back as his smile softens. He pushes his hair back with his hand and his mouth twitches, like he’s entertained with the flow of the conversation.

Fourth stares at him. The bare face, the pants hanging low on his hips, the black tee rolling up his stomach as he sits back on Fourth's thighs. He's seriously so, *so* pretty— looks so gentle and sweet at this hour, in his home, away from everyone's eyes but Fourth's.

And Fourth— Fourth wants to *touch* him. He feels like an idiot, and the guilt prickles at his stomach as the want in his belly bubbles up in his throat. But there's something about how homely and warm Gemini looks that makes Fourth feel raw and stupid and *needy*.

He looks down at Gem's legs, then up at his face again. He places his hand on Gem's knee. That's a safe zone. He's been there. Gemini knows how it feels. It's *allowed*.

"Were you lonely without me?" Fourth asks, voice low. Maybe he doesn't want to scare Gem away, maybe he's too nervous to raise up his volume. He doesn't know for sure.

Gemini presses his lips together, smiling equally parts of amused and sarcastic at the question made. "You want me to say yes?"

Fourth's hand moves up Gemini's thigh, fingertips brushing over the inner side. He doesn't break eye-contact, trying to be normal about what he's doing. "I want you to be sincere."

Gemini's gaze shifts; dripping honey-like warmth. "…I was."

Fourth hums, fingers teasing the hem of Gemini's tee. "That so…?"

He sneaks his hand underneath the cotton fabric, feeling the hot skin below. It's surprisingly warm and soft. He's touched Gemini's back before, but not his abdomen, and not his naked *waist*— it curves under his care, and the muscles flex under his curious, tentative touch.

Gemini's breath hitches in his throat, and his eyelashes flutter as he looks down at Fourth. Fourth — encouraged by the dazed, flustered look on Gemini's face — spreads his hand open, touching bare skin under his palm and holding Gemini's small waist, feeling the wonderfully attractive slope and arch with his fingertips. He breaks eye-contact, looking down at the line of naked, golden skin that his hand has put on display, with Gemini's shirt tucked over Fourth's arm. Fourth *stares*, quite openly.

He's beautiful; he's beautiful; he's beautiful.

He dips his thumb down, teasing Gemini's hipbone delicately under the waistband of his pants. Gemini's breath stutters as he shifts, leaning into the touch like he's being pulled into him. He doesn't say anything as Fourth touches him, avid and searing but gentle. Exploring the lines and curves with the back of his nails and the pads of his fingers like he's trying to draw Gemini with his bare hands.

And maybe it's the way Gemini is certainly aware of the way Fourth is *looking* at him, and the way he's touching him with unfiltered longing. Maybe it's the intimacy of the situation. Maybe he just wants to encapsulate the moment. But the next time he speaks, his voice is impossibly soft.

He exhales shakily, then tilts his head down at Fourth, hair falling over his eyes.

“Did you have fun with your family?” he asks.

Fourth looks back at him again, “Yes.”

Gemini softens. His smile is full of affection. “That makes me happy.”

Fourth rubs circles in Gemini’s skin. Gemini moves even closer to him.

“I saw you did snow-boarding,” he says. His voice is still a very gentle tone. “I also saw you fell down many times.”

“Ah,” Fourth utters, shy. “That…”

Gemini puffs out a giggle. “It’s normal. It was your first time,” he says. “I bet you did great.”

Fourth’s forever hypeman.

“I’ve had better days,” he says, tilting his head to the side, smiling warmly. “But it was fun.”

Gemini hums. He lifts up his hand to caress the side of Fourth’s face, as if to look for any scars there. His touch is caring and kind, and Fourth feels his cheeks and ears getting hot, as if Gemini’s own warmth spread to him with his contact.

“…Did you hurt yourself?” Gemini asks.

The honey-like warmth spreads all the way down Fourth’s chest; making roots in his lungs and buzzing in his blood.

He tries to be teasing about it, because if he isn’t he wouldn’t know how to handle the feelings bubbling up his chest, threatening to come out like something that’s been bottled up for too long.

“Would’ve been better if you were there to teach me, *phi Gemini*.”

Gemini’s sweet grin doesn’t help Fourth’s hammering, restless pulse calm down.

“It’d be fun,” Gemini says. “We should go there together when we’re both free.”

Fourth is hit with a wave of all-consuming affection. He’s so horrendously down bad for this man. There’s really not going back from this.

“We should,” he says.

Gemini stares at him silently. His index finger moves across Fourth’s face, brushing his cheekbone slowly, touch soft but with intent, then down the bridge of his nose. *Down, down, down*, until it reaches Fourth’s lips. He grazes them with his fingertip, stroking the upper lip, then the corner and curve of the bottom lip like he’s enthralled by it. He’s careful to be extra delicate in Fourth’s mouth, finger barely touching the skin, as if he was afraid of stepping too close. His eyes follow all the moves of his hand, then blink up at Fourth’s eyes as he calls him again.

“Fourth.”

Gemini’s pupils are blown, darkening as he stares him down. Fourth can’t find his voice, too engrossed in Gemini’s closeness and warmth to be rational.

“Hm?”

“I’ve been wondering this, ever since you stepped inside.”

Fourth’s voice fails him, cracked and unsteady as he croaks a, “What is it?”

Gemini tilts his head. “When are you gonna kiss me?”

The world comes to a halt for a moment as Gemini lays out the question. Fourth is pretty sure he stops breathing for a split second. The entire city goes quiet, and the only thing he can hear is his erratic heartbeat, ripping his ribcage open, and the sudden buzz consuming his every thought inside his mind.

Back in the day, Fourth remembers when Gemini would get all flustered and shy and push Fourth away as soon as they finished kissing. There were times when he used to hide his face in the crook of Fourth’s neck. Now, he’s sitting in Fourth’s lap all prettily, batting his eyelashes at Fourth, *asking to be kissed*.

Gem— asking to be kissed silly. By Fourth. What a wonderful world he lives in.

He gulps.

He manages to make his voice come out, barely a whisper in the echoing silence of the room.

“Come here,” he says, reaching up to hold Gemini’s chin to pull him closer.

Gemini doesn’t even need to be asked. He scoots closer, leaning down and closing his eyes, *waiting* to be kissed. Fourth can see him swallow, fingers curling in Fourth’s shoulders.

He’s adorable. Fourth is *devastated* beyond reparation.

Fourth basks in the moment for a second, eyes darting everywhere to drink in every detail of Gemini’s pretty face; burning it into his brain.

Maybe he takes too long— Gemini opens his eyes again, earnest; subdued nervousness peeking at them in the edges. There’s a little scrunch in the slope of his nose; it makes Fourth smile.

“Don’t *tease* me,” he sulks.

“I’m not,” Fourth chuckles. “I’m just looking at you.”

Gemini’s eyes flutter. He moves closer.

“Why?” he breathes.

Fourth's lips ghost over his as he answers, "Because you're too pretty."

He makes sure that Gemini tastes the compliment in his mouth, pulling him down to finally, finally, *finally* kiss him. It's a peck, then another, then another one. Gemini is warm; and his lips are so ridiculously *soft*.

Fourth lingers at the end, lips hovering in Gemini's personal space, nose brushing Gemini's cheek. He can feel their hair tangling in their foreheads as neither of them make an attempt to step away.

Gemini gulps again. His hand slides down Fourth's shoulder until he's touching Fourth's chest, palm spread over his pulsing heartbeat.

His eyes dart down to Fourth's lips, his voice a *plead*. "*Fourth*."

He doesn't need to do anything else, honestly. Fourth is a weak, *weak* man in love, and he wants to kiss Gemini so bad that he's going stupid.

His right hand keeps Gemini steady, fingers clawed around his waist as his left hand makes his way up to grab Gemini's nape. He cards the back of Gemini's head, burying his fingers in the strands of soft hair, messing it up as he pulls Gemini down to kiss him again.

He tips his chin up to meet Gemini halfway and deepen the kiss with a renovated energy. He's *hungry*; desperate; keen and fervent. Craving for more. Kissing Gemini like he's the oxygen he needs. Like he's been starved for too long.

Gemini is just as responsive, just as *eager*— opens his mouth to let Fourth sweep his tongue inside like he's been waiting for it his whole life. He tastes saccharine and he's all-consuming warmth. *Soft*. Tasting skin and lips and tongue.

Fourth sighs into the kiss; chest going wild as he tries to keep up with his overwhelmed, hyper-sensitive senses, feeling Gemini all around him— drowned in his scent and embraced in his searing hold. *Fuck*, how much has he missed this. How much he missed *Gemini*. His touch; his taste; his effervescent closeness.

He's aware he's being sloppy— kissing messily and wanting and *raw*. But Gemini welcomes him just the same; wet and hot in his mouth, pressing into him, yearning and *needy*.

Fourth pushes his leg up and Gemini *arches* into him— hands touching everywhere like he can't believe Fourth is really there. Like he can't believe he's *real*. He's pulling at his hair and then cupping his cheeks, holding the sides of Fourth's neck, then grabbing at his shoulders and caressing all the way down his chest and abdomen. He's feeling up Fourth's arms, making smalls sounds at the back of his throat as he digs his nails on Fourth's biceps and teases Fourth's tongue inside his mouth. He's licking the corner of Fourth's mouth, pulling Fourth's lips between his teeth, dragging his nails over the sensitive skin, lingering in places he seems to realize Fourth likes to be touched.

Fourth is delirious. Feverish as he gets to hold Gemini between his arms; feel him under his hands.

They kiss and kiss and *kiss*; pull apart enough to breathe only to clash together again.

At some point, Fourth tries to be gentle. Slow and delicate and *deliberate*, making soothing touches in Gemini's waist with both hands as he feels Gemini breathe against him.

He's so warm. And Fourth misses him the second Gem ultimately steps away, breathing heavily and labored.

Gemini's eyes flutter open, and he looks at Fourth dopey and dazed, like he's just woken up from a very long, nice dream. And as Fourth looks up at him, his chest explodes in a thousand million butterflies.

Gemini is achingly *gorgeous*— starry-eyed and disheveled, all messy hair and blushing skin and swollen cherry-red lips. He looks *kissed*. And he's so beautiful it hurts. Fourth can't believe he's the one that gets to see him like this, and the only one that's made him *look* like this.

He missed him. He missed him *badly*.

He wonders if that's written all over his face, when Gemini glances at him and a second later smiles giddily.

Oh god. Fourth can't do this.

He loves him.

He loves him. He loves him. He loves him. Fourth loves so much he wonders how is he able to keep all of it inside himself.

"I missed you so much," he says, as his heart chants *I love you* over and over and over again like a broken record inside his head.

Gemini's smile twitches. He looks happy. Endeared, even.

He pushes his hair back, shoots Fourth the gentlest gaze Fourth has ever seen in his life. "Did you?"

God, Gemini's voice is so *soft*— Fourth doesn't think he's ever heard him sound like this before.

"I did," Fourth confirms. "*So* fucking much."

Gemini giggles, boyish and brightly and *bubbly*, and Fourth is met with so much affection inside his chest he thinks it shouldn't be possible. He's experimenting absurd levels of cuteness aggression again.

"I missed you," he repeats.

He looks at where his hand rests over Gemini's collarbone, and moves it slowly so his fingertips brush over the skin of Gemini's arm, from his shoulder to his wrist. He's deliberate

with his touch, following the hand slowly coming down with his eyes. He can see Gemini's slight tremble as he does, like he's being tickled. Or maybe something else.

"I missed your arms," he says, softly. He caresses, delicately, the back of Gemini's hand, fingertips featherlight over his knuckles and fingers, "I missed your hands. I missed your fingers…"

Fourth presses his palm against Gem's, then looks up at Gemini's face, earnest. Gemini's eyelashes flutter again, chest shaky as he breathes and then exhales.

Fourth makes eye-contact with him as he intertwines their fingers purposely, holding Gemini's hand in his. It *fits*— like two pieces of a puzzle that had always been meant to be together.

His hand is warm, as everything in him. And soft, like Gemini is incapable of being something else.

Then, Fourth brings their hands to his face— he's slow, slow, *slow*— purposely holding Gem's intense, vivid gaze as he kisses Gem's knuckles, a soft press of his lips over Gemini's middle finger, then moving to kiss the back of his hand. He keeps going, his mouth ghosting over the skin as he tilts his head to kiss the side of Gemini's hand, just below his thumb.

Gemini doesn't say anything, but his eyes are a storm of emotions— he heaves a breath, cheek twitching and fingers curling like he's getting overwhelmed and doesn't know what to do.

Fourth moves their hands so he can press a gentle peck in Gemini's inner wrist, lingering on his pulse, feeling it skyrocket under his caring ministrations.

He doesn't break eye-contact as he starts moving again, this time with his lips barely brushing over the length of Gemini's arm, following the path under the spot he just kissed on his wrist.

He can see Gemini gulp as Fourth gets up from where he was lying down, now getting dangerously close to him as he makes his way up to his shoulder with his mouth.

Fourth takes his time. He wants to feel Gemini under his lips. And he's happy to have Gemini's undivided attention on him as he's slowly dissolving into a flustered mess.

"*Fourth*," he chokes, as Fourth bumps into his chest, pulling Gemini's arm down by their linked hands and kissing the sensitive spot over Gemini's collarbone.

"I missed your voice," Fourth says, lowering his tone— a huskier, raspy one. The one that gets his lisp out. "The way you say my name."

Gemini's hand holds onto the small of Fourth's back, like he needs something to ground him and keep him from trembling. It's useless; Fourth can feel him shaking where he grabs into his shirt. He thinks it's endearing.

"I— *I*—"

Gem starts stuttering but doesn't say anything else, cut off when Fourth's lips trace the column of his neck and his jaw. He gulps again, like it's difficult to swallow.

Fourth holds the side of his face with his free hand, gentle.

"I missed your face," he says, his voice barely a whisper. "Your cheeks, your eyes, your nose."

As he talks, he peppers Gemini's face with pecks— on his left cheek, then the corner of his eye, then his temple. He brushes his hair out of his eyes and behind his ear and leaves a kiss on his forehead. Then he comes down again— on his eyelids as Gem closes his eyes, then the tip of his nose as he scrunches it up.

Fourth smiles, staring at Gemini's soft, aching gaze as he opens his eyes once again. "I missed the way you look at me."

He kisses the corner of his mouth; one of his favorite places. He shoots Gemini a flirty but tender, loving grin.

"Your kisses, obviously," he says, and Gemini puffs out a brief, fondly amused chuckle, like he *expected* that. Fourth is *gone*. "Your *smiles*."

He holds Gemini and pulls him close, and wishes that the amount of adoration he's feeling can be seen in his eyes.

"I missed you so, *so* much," he says— open, honest, bare. "I missed you every single day I was away."

Gemini presses their foreheads together, glances back at him with fondness and care and love in his eyes.

"I *told* you," he says, and then laughs— happy and genuine and adoringly. "You're a *hopeless* romantic."

Fourth hums. Maybe he is.

"Gem."

Gemini arches both eyebrows, crosses both arms behind Fourth's head. "Hm?"

Fourth breathes in. His heart feels like it's going to burst out of his chest any moment.

"I love you."

He's said this before, but this time is different. Gemini wouldn't know, but it is. *It is*— and it feels huge and massive and lifechanging; except that it isn't, and at the same time it doesn't feel like it. It just feels *right*, tasting the words in his tongue like they've belonged there all along, waiting for him to finally offer them to Gemini.

It’s cheesy and kind of ridiculous, but he feels like this kind of love for Gemini has always been there; stored in some curve in his heart, reserved for the moment Fourth finally realized it was always going to end up like this.

This was how it was supposed to be. He was *always* going to fall in love with Gemini Norawit.

In every universe, and every timeline. Fourth was born to love him.

And it’s probably because Gemini is able to read most of his expressions, but he softens as he stares at Fourth’s eyes; very likely catching that Fourth is getting emotional.

“FotFot is very sappy,” he teases, giggling. “I love you too, naa.”

He uses his baby voice, smiling sweetly as he cups Fourth’s face to give him a peck on the lips.

“I really do, you know?” he says.

Fourth breathes— aches and longs and *craves* so deeply it consumes him.

It might not be the same kind of love, but Gemini loves him. He does. Looking at his eyes, Fourth knows how genuine he is.

And for a moment— for a split second— being in Gemini’s arms as he’s told how deeply he’s loved, he feels like nothing can ever hurt him.

Gemini *loves* him. And that’s all that really matters in the end. Because Fourth doesn't care whatever status they have, or however way Gemini looks at him; as long as he lets him stay by his side, as long as he lets Fourth love him and treasure him and support him, Fourth is going to be okay.

As long as Gemini feels like he can rely on him, and as long as Gemini keeps smiling by his side, nothing else matters. He doesn't need to love Fourth the way Fourth loves him. That's everything he really needs; and that's everything he'll always let himself be allowed to ask for.

Gemini loves beautifully. Selflessly, gently, and so, *so* deeply. Would give you his soul and bare, open heart if only you were patient enough to care for it. And Fourth is grateful he can have that; grateful he can be loved like that.

Because Fourth would give him the moon and stars and universe if he asked.

Chapter End Notes

thank you so much for reading :') <3 i truly appreciate it.

comments are super encouraged and welcomed! :') i'd love to hear your thoughts. so if you liked it, please let me know in the comments your opinions! your feelings, favorite dialogues, lines, descriptions, scenes, or something that stood out to you. everything is welcomed and deeply appreciated and loved <3 :')

eeeeh. i feel like i really need to apologize for the chapter being so late again. i'm so sorry. i promised it would be posted weeks ago, but alas. life happened. awfully so. i'm gonna get a bit too personal so feel free to skip this paragraph if u're still reading. so, basically- my whole family is sick, i'm sick (different things ah-hah!). and this has been extra hard in many ways tbh. my money-struggling problems are not helping as meds and doctors are expensive af. job hunting has been extra hard too. anyhow. yeah. i'm sorry this didn't come out sooner as i planned TT__TT i *am* very sorry. i hope life can be kinder with me this next month and not unexpectedly kick my ass. this chapter was also supposed to be longer and i feel like nothing really happened *sobs* i'm sorry again,,,,,,,,, but alas. i was already frustrated i couldn't finish it sooner so i cut it short. next ch would be the end (oof!), so it's gonna be longer (i think.....)

my twitter is @iluvgem4th in case u're interested in dropping a follow. it's just me being silly, keysmashing &; crying about the boys, with ocassional coherent analysis of their characters and adoration to their friendship <3 (even though i haven't been there in long time for what i said in previous paragraph, i'm sorry ;-;)

kissing u all in ur foreheads, i hope u have a wonderful week. i love you all sm <3 remember to take care of yourselves :') <3

Baby I'm Yours

Chapter Summary

> “You know,” Gemini says, contemplative. “If I could do this all again, and they asked me to choose another partner…” his eyes search Fourth’s, holding Fourth’s gaze intently. “I wouldn’t. I wouldn’t choose anyone else. I’d only choose you.”
>
> OR: IWBY reaches the end.

Chapter Notes

> well, hi... iwby enthusiasts and dear readers...
>
> after a whole year, a lot has passed, but we finally reached the end. thank you so, so much for being here.
>
> i hope you enjoy this; it has my soul in it :')
>
> my gift for all khunnoos out there <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The thing about pretending he’s not completely, *abysmally* in love with Gemini Norawit is that Gem does *not* make it any easy for Fourth.

Fourth is awfully smitten, he’s pretty self-aware. And, most times, he cannot hide it — not with Gemini being tremendously adorable around him; not with him being heartwarmingly attentive towards any of Fourth’s needs; and definitely not with him acting like he’d rather be at Fourth’s side than anywhere else.

Fourth is tentative — feels like he’s balancing on air as he tries very hard not to do something stupid when Gem is around, but it’s a whole fucking ordeal. He doesn’t want to make Gem uncomfortable, and he’s not sure where they’re standing in their friends-but-not-quite-esque dilemma, so he just lets Gem have his way — he waits for him to initiate things, doesn’t push nor ask for things, even when he wants to.

But Gem *initiates* things. He’s extremely clingy — more so than he’s been already — leaning on Fourth every time they’re standing side to side; resting his head on Fourth’s shoulder whenever he gets the chance; hugging Fourth as a greeting and goodbyes and between breaks, wrapping arms behind Fourth’s neck and pulling Fourth’s hands on his own waist.

He’s throwing an arm around Fourth’s shoulders when there are more people around, bumping their thighs whenever they’re sitting next to each other, playing footsie under tables — it’s like he craves for the touch, lingers around Fourth like he wants to be in contact with him at all times.

It's not bothersome in the slightest, and Fourth *likes* that he’s clingy. But it’s driving him a bit tad insane. He wants to be allowed to touch back, to do ministrations of his own. He wants to be allowed to hug Gem whenever he wants to, to kiss him all over his pretty face whenever he feels like it, to tease him and play with him and watch his reactions and holding back is *hard*. He’ll end up doing something stupid, something he *shouldn’t*.

Gem also keeps doing these things — small, meaningful gestures — that scream affection and care and *love* and Fourth doesn’t know what to do with it. Gemini has always been attentive and caring, but he just seems more open about it lately. Asking Fourth if he has eaten yet; holding a bottle of water as Fourth drinks from it; fixing Fourth’s hair; cleaning sweat off Fourth’s forehead and asking him to pull off his many jackets when it’s too hot. Fourth has caught him staring too many times to count.

It's incredibly sweet, but Fourth is getting overwhelmed with the amount of delicate and soft love that Gemini keeps showing to him. He feels fragile; like a timebomb. Some days, he can hear the *tick-tack* at the back of his head, like a reminder of his lack of control over his emotions. There’re only too many gestures he can take before he’s gonna explode.

He feels selfish. Because, isn’t it enough? Isn’t it enough to have Gem by his side, in whatever way? It is. *It is*, and he wouldn’t trade his friendship with him with anything in this world, but— at the same time, he yearns for more. Deep down, he longs to be allowed to love him in the way he wants to.

So he holds back. *Holds back; holds back; holds back*.

He doesn’t ask for kisses himself — no matter how many times he wants to. He thinks that there was a time back then when he wasn’t kissing Gemini daily and he could survive just fine, so why is it so hard right now? He’s being stupid and needy and ridiculous.

Gem probably notices there’s something going on in his head, with how many times he stares at him in a single day, but he doesn’t push nor ask him about it. He’s likely waiting for Fourth to touch what’s bothering him in his own terms.

Fourth feels trapped. Between his own feelings and wants and fears. Between the visceral, underlying ache in his chest. Between the exponential growth of his love; crawling roots in the curves of his bones.

He doesn’t know what to do.

.

.

One day, Gem and him are sitting in a sofa of a pretty fancy studio. Fourth is reading over some points they have to make sure to mention on the live they have in half an hour, purposely ignoring the way Gem keeps stealing glances at him.

He has to *focus*. He has to focus. He has to focus. *He has to focus.*

Gem nudges his side, tilting his head to peek at Fourth's face.

P'Tong did their makeup already, and Gemini's doe-eyes look back at him with pink-ish glitter on them. The hazel shade of his eyes is intoxicating. Fourth could very well drown in them.

He's *too pretty*, and *distracting* in capital letters.

"Does it hurt?" Gem asks.

Fourth blinks, trying to bring his attention back on the conversation and not on Gemini's ridiculously long eyelashes.

"Huh?"

Gem points at Fourth's neck with one finger. Fourth frowns, confused for a split second. Then, he realizes— he's probably been moving it a lot, it kind of aches in some places. Too many sleepless nights as he overthinks about Gemini have not been good for him. He's exhausted.

It's not something huge, and Gem seems all too worried for something so small.

"Ah. I just have a sore neck," Fourth says; a rush of familiar affection swelling up his chest as he tries to reassure his best friend. His voice softens as he declares, "It's not a big deal, Gem."

Gemini frowns slightly, a small pout forming on his lips. Fourth guesses he's not at all convinced. Because of course he'd notice something as little as Fourth rubbing at his neck a couple of times; of course he'd notice Fourth's discomfort, even if small.

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah. I guess I just slept in the wrong position," Fourth gives away, explaining it further so Gem doesn't worry. That's all there is to it. He's not telling Gem he's the very reason Fourth can't sleep.

Gem hums, eyes scanning Fourth's face as if to look for any sign of pain. Fourth chuckles, endeared. Gemini is truly the sweetest guy he's ever met. For a moment, Fourth is so overcome with his affection and cuteness aggression for him he almost bites Gem's cheek. He has to remind himself *they're on set*, and even if they're alone right now, there's staff everywhere that could easily pass by any second.

Get yourself together, Fourth, he tells himself like a mantra.

Instead, he focuses on trying to comfort Gemini.

“I’m *fine*,” he remarks, smiling gently. “Don’t worry.”

He reaches out to give a soft squeeze to Gem’s wrist. Then, he comes back to reading his script. Gem, however, does *not* think the conversation finishes there.

Only a couple of seconds later, Fourth feels a warm weight on his nape; solid and familiar. A soft press on his skin. Fourth realizes then that Gem is *holding* his neck, putting a soft pressure on the sides, palm curved on the slope of his nape. He gives a slight squeeze, as if teasing a stress-ball. The touch is hard enough to make Fourth feel it under his skin, on his *bones*— but gentle and caring and so clearly tender that it sends goosebumps all over the column of Fourth’s back. The pads of Gem’s fingers are rubbing down on his throbbing muscles, fluttering over his erratic pulse.

Fourth’s breath stutters, catching in his throat. He can see his own hands dropping the script on his lap, fingers too shaky to hold onto something. Does he really crave so much for Gemini’s touch that he’s having such a visceral reaction to something so ordinary as this?

“Is this okay?” Gem asks softly, hand massaging the sore spots like he can see exactly where it hurts.

Fourth’s cheeks and neck grow warm. The touch is so comforting he almost melts into it — has to hold back from babbling about how *good* it feels to be touched like this.

Then, Gem adds more pressure to it, eyes set on Fourth’s face as he does. Fourth’s brain buzzes, skin electrified. A trembling exhale comes out of his mouth— a mix between a choked-up groan and a breathy, stutter-y sound he didn’t know he was able to make. It’s something so simple, yet his mind *reels*— he can’t stop thinking about how easy Gem can wrap his fingers around his neck, and how exhilarating it’d feel if Gem just grazed his hand around his throat as he made out with Fourth.

Oh. He’s getting dizzy. Oh my god.

Oh my god. Did he just—

Nope. He’s *not* thinking about something dirty right now. Nope. *Fuck*.

“Fourth?”

“Ah.”

Fourth blinks a couple of times, his blush growing hotter by every passing second. He feels embarrassed and shy and flustered— at his own thoughts, at the sweet ministrations and undivided attention in Gem’s soft, concerned gaze.

Looking back, he nods, fidgety. “…Yes.”

Gemini smiles, all kinds of sweet and soft and *adoring*. Fourth wants to kiss him so bad he has to dig his nails on the palms of his hands to keep himself from doing it.

“Thank you,” he adds, voice barely a whisper.

Gemini’s sweet smile widens into a sunshine-y, saccharine grin. It oozes warmth, lovely and so incredibly beautiful.

“No problem!” he chirps, scooting closer to Fourth on the sofa and dropping his free hand on Fourth’s knee. “You’ll feel like new in no time with Gemini Norawit’s massages!”

Fourth’s mouth blossoms into a smile of his own, softening as he looks back at him. God, *he’s so cute*. He wonders if his heart-eyes are any obvious; they probably are. He then realizes that he doesn’t really care if they’re in plain sight; Gem deserves to be looked at with nothing but utter adoration.

“I bet so, yes,” he says, soft. Then he adds, a mix of playful tease and gentle, genuine awe in his voice, “You really can do anything, huh?”

Gemini blinks at the praise, mouth twitching. His hand stops moving for a moment, which makes it even easier for Fourth to tease him.

Fourth stares at him, eyes searching for Gemini’s. “You’re so good at many things.”

The line doesn’t sound flirty— it’s more fond and impressed than anything else— but Gem looks almost sheepish as Fourth says it. Maybe it’s the way Fourth is looking at him.

“You think so?”

“Yes,” Fourth confirms, lips curling up in a sweet smile. “You’re very talented.”

Gemini’s hand squeezes a bit harder on his neck, almost as a reflex, and he presses his lips together in a wobbly, hamster-like smile, basking on the compliments happily, albeit shyly. He almost looks like Tinn. He’s *so* devastatingly cute and Fourth *really* wants to kiss him.

As a way to placate the want simmering on his belly, Fourth leans forward and kisses Gem’s shoulder— a gentle peck over his clothes. He’s *warm*; Fourth can feel it even through the fabric.

He looks up as he straights in his seat, and Gem giggles, making a goofy face at Fourth’s corny gesture as he playfully kicks him.

Well. Whatever. His trick doesn’t really work, because Fourth wants to kiss him again.

He wonders if it’s too obvious; if something in his gaze is very telling about how much he wants to kiss him, or if he’s looking down at Gem’s lips too many times to be hard to ignore. Maybe his body language yells it in bold letters.

Gem’s expression settles into a calm one, staring back at Fourth in silence after he stops giggling. In the quiet of the set, the only sounds around them are the bustling of the staff running around outside and Fourth’s hammering heartbeat.

Then, Gem is leaning forward, tilting his head and *kissing* him. He slides his fingers a bit, moving them so he's cupping the back of Fourth's head and holding him close. He sucks on Fourth's upper lip, warmly moving his mouth in a slow, sweet rhythm. The stray hairs artfully combed to be on Gem's forehead tickle Fourth's skin, and his eyelashes flutter against Fourth's cheeks.

Fourth's entire body tingles. The sensation is nothing new, and it's just been a couple of days since they last kissed, but it feels like he's been waiting a whole life for this. He kisses him back, pulling him closer as he holds Gem's waist with one hand and cups his face with the other.

He tastes like the glossy lipstick he's wearing. He smells sweet and he's soft. And the all-consuming love for him that's reserved inside Fourth bubbles up under his skin like an orchestra coming alive in his veins. His heart chants with joy. The ache in his chest mellows into honey-dripping fondness.

Gem slowly pulls apart, rubbing his nose against Fourth's for a second before setting back. He looks at him through his eyelashes, starry-eyed and dazed and attentive, like he's drinking in the sight of Fourth post-kissed.

He's probably a mess, looking back at Gem all dreamily. Gem always looks so pretty after being kissed: a gorgeous work of art; all soft and dainty and messy in a dizzying way.

Gem smiles, amusement tinting his eyes as he sweeps his thumb over the corner of Fourth's mouth.

"You have my lipstick there," he says, pointedly staring.

His voice is a husky tone that makes Fourth blush. He gulps.

Ah, shit. He wants to be kissed again…

Gem chuckles— something between a breathy laugh and a bubbly giggle— glancing at Fourth with shiny eyes.

"Were you waiting for me to do it first?" he asks, tilting his head. He looks like a cat; very cute.

Fourth blinks. "Huh?"

What is he talking about now?

Gem's mouth twitches, amused. "You've been looking at me like this for a long time since you came back from your holidays, but you didn't do anything about it after we met in my apartment, so I was wondering."

Fourth is not getting it. "…I've been looking at you like what?"

A mischievous kind of glee sparkle in Gem's eyes as he smiles. "Like you wanted to *kiss* me."

Ah.

Ah.

“Oh.”

Gem half-shrugs, gaze piercing in Fourth’s face.

“But you didn’t do it, so,” he repeats, making a vague gesture with his hand. “Were you waiting for me to kiss you first?”

“I-I— I just…” Fourth stutters, flustered. He can’t believe he’s been too obvious.

Gem pokes Fourth’s cheek, searching for Fourth’s anguish eyes.

“Why are you overthinking it again?” he says. “I thought it was established you could kiss me if you want to.”

Huh?

Fourth blinks yet again, jaw slack. *Huh?*

That— huh? Is Gem seriously giving permission to Fourth to *kiss* him *whenever?* Eh?

Moreover, did he think Fourth already *knew* this?

“It— it wasn’t,” it’s the only thing he can say, voice cracking at the end. He clears his throat.

“Well,” Gem says, pinching Fourth’s cheek. “I’m saying it now. You can, FotFot.”

Fourth gapes. “Like— *out of the blue?”*

“If you want to,” Gem shrugs, like it’s not a big deal. “I don’t mind.”

Fourth *can’t believe this*. Did he fall asleep on set? He’s tired, it’s possible. Is he dreaming? He pinches his own leg. It stings.

Okay, he’s not dreaming. What the heck.

Fourth tries to mask his shock with familiar banter. He tries to play it off cool; tries to flirt his way out, so it’s not evident in his voice and expression how *deeply* he wants to have this— how much he wants this to be real.

“Saying I can kiss you whenever I want to is a pretty bold statement,” Fourth jests, intently looking back at Gem. “Are you aware of how many times I think about it on a daily basis, tee-rak?”

He’s meant to be teasing. *Of course* he’s meant to be. But Gem takes it as it is, sees right through Fourth and realizes he’s saying the truth. Because *of course* he would.

“I think about it too,” he says, holding eye-contact. The sincerity in his voice makes Fourth’s heart skip in his chest. “About kissing you.”

Ah, okay.

Ahhh, okay. Cool. *Peachy*.

Gemini Norawit is going to *kill* him.

The only reason he doesn’t kiss him again it’s because the host of the live they’re going to be in steps inside the studio, and whatever connection they have going on breaks as they focus back on work.

(Fourth is blissfully unaware of the amount of comments in twitter that mention how suspiciously clingy Gem acts during the live.)

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The newfound knowledge of Gemini being okay with Fourth kissing him out of nowhere lifts a heavy weight off Fourth’s shoulders. He finds himself pecking him between filming breaks, whenever they’re left alone in the makeup room or when people are too distracted checking the props and other stuff to notice what they’re doing. He pulls at Gem by his waist and kisses him as *greetings* and *goodbyes* and a way to cheer him up when Gem is too tired or low on energy. He *allows* himself to be clingy; to lean on Gem’s back and hug him when Gem is too busy talking with the director or other people; to kiss his shoulder and his cheeks and tease him with praises and flirty lines.

Gem is all responsive— welcoming as he giggles at Fourth’s cheesy pick-up lines and makes a show of pushing him away with not an ounce of strength put into his wrestling games. All competitive, he pecks Fourth back whenever he feels like it— keeps being as clingy as he wants, lingering around Fourth all the time. He makes Fourth shy with cheeky comments of his own, then grins as he stares at Fourth’s flustered reactions.

He has it easy, honestly. He as much as bats his pretty eyelashes Fourth’s way or touches Fourth’s chest or wraps pretty fingers around Fourth’s bicep, and Fourth is folding so hard it’s embarrassing. He’s a weak, *weak* man for Gemini, and he’s too far gone to even feel shame for it. He couldn’t care less; he’s content and happy as it is.

He makes it his mission to make everything he wants. He might not be Gem’s boyfriend, but as long as Gemini is not uncomfortable, he can shower him in love in the many ways he wants to. He buys matching stuff for them — he goes all out, and Satang and his sister laugh at him for it — socks, keychains, tumblers, shoes. Then, Gem buys them both couple-y sweaters as a response, and gifts Fourth clothes that he thinks ‘Fourth would look cute in’ and Fourth is dying on the spot.

He gifts Gem many plushies — because Gem absolutely adores them, and the toothy, boyish, happy grins he gives Fourth whenever he gets another one is enough to make Fourth feel

eternally enamored. He listens to the songs Gem recs him, or the ones he mentions a lot, then talks about them with Gem when they have free time. He buys him snacks. He spoils him rotten — opening bottles for him, opening doors for him, gifting him flowers, calling him all kind of adorable pet names, listening to his endless rambles, helping him in whatever he needs, praising him endlessly. And, okay, *yes*— maybe he's cheesy and sappy, but he doesn't care. Chivalry isn't dead. Romance isn't dead. Fourth is going to make Gemini feel the luckiest guy alive to have him as his partner.

The thing is, also, that Gemini's reactions make him the happiest every time. Gemini lights up like a Christmas tree, beaming at Fourth, all smiley and giggly and bubbly. He rolls his eyes playfully at his corny flirting, but reacts all cutely and shy and flustered after. He gets all merry and cheerful and full of life. And Fourth would willingly and joyfully do anything to keep Gemini this happy.

And Gemini is someone special. He's the sweetest, most grateful person Fourth has ever met. If you show him kindness and love, he'd return it tenfold to you.

He drives Fourth home, makes sure he sleeps and eats well. He makes a playlist just for Fourth when he realizes Fourth is paying attention to what he listens to, and he makes sure to add artists he knows Fourth likes. He even mentions a few songs he swears that 'would sound amazing in Fourth's voice'. He reassures Fourth whenever he's overthinking stuff, praising him whenever he voices out his insecurities. He gifts Fourth things he says that 'reminded him of Fourth' and 'that make Fourth look even more cute', and he always shows off proudly whatever Fourth has given him.

He reminds Fourth again and again that he's loved, and Fourth realizes that *he* feels like the luckiest guy alive to have Gem as his partner. He hopes Gem can feel the same for him.

Fourth is happy.

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Two weeks later, Gemini and Fourth receive their official announcement for their new couple series. Not much information is shared, more than the initial basics: it's an adaptation of a Japanese manga, directed by P'Au again, and they'll film the pilot in two months. The script for it is in the finishing editing process. They'll give it to them, as well as introduce their co-stars in a week.

It's exciting to know he'll start filming a new series with Gemini, but it's also incredibly, heavily anxiety-inducing. Fourth doesn't want to, but he starts worrying again. What if things change after they start filming? What if Gemini acts differently once they finish filming?

A huge part inside himself tells him he's being stupid. Tells him that Gemini wouldn't do that to him, that he wouldn't do anything to hurt him, that he's just thinking too much. Tells him that he's just being paranoid, and if something *does* change between them, Gemini would let him know beforehand and not just stop what they have altogether.

Still. There's doubt and the underlying anxiety, prickling at the base of his stomach.

It doesn't help that they start seeing each other less and less, having more solo projects before preparing for the pilot. Gemini is too overworked, and Fourth is in midterms and too busy balancing exams and working gigs.

One day, they'll miraculously film in the same studio. Fourth is so happy their schedules overlap until he realizes that it's for different brands and their time slots are also different, so they very probably won't see each other anyway, even if they're in the same building.

It's depressing. When he gets like this, the only thing that manages to calm him down is seeing Gemini's face, and he hasn't been able to do so, so it only gets worse.

He sighs, eyes teary as he stares down at his script again, unable to focus. He's studied it over and over again, and it's just a couple of lines for a very short ad, but he needs to concentrate. The time slot is brief, and he doesn't want people to waste their time on him.

He needs to focus.

He also needs Gem, but that's a whole other topic and he needs to stop thinking about him right now.

Read over, read it again, he tells himself, like a mantra. *Focus. Focus, focus, foc—*

As if on cue, the door of the dressing room opens, and Fourth looks up in time to see Gemini's face peeking through it.

Fourth blinks. Once; two times. He rubs at his eyes. Is he too Gem-deprived that he's started to hallucinate him?

"…Gem?"

Gemini looks back over his shoulder for a second, then skips inside the room, probably when he notices the hall is clear off people. His hair is half-stylized, half-messy, and he still has makeup on, but he's wearing baggy, worn-out jeans and an oversized tee. He's cute.

He smiles sweetly at Fourth, swaying his way to him.

"He-llo, nhoo!" he singsongs.

Fourth blinks again. "Hello… how are you here?"

"I sneaked in," Gem reveals in complicity with a naughty grin, then puts a finger over his mouth like he's telling Fourth to keep the secret.

He comes to a halt in front of him, standing too close that he's between Fourth's knees, legs bumping into the sofa Fourth is sitting in.

Fourth looks up at him. It's a strange phenomenon, the way everything inside Fourth becomes calm and warm and fuzzy, glancing up at Gemini's face; the way his whole body

relaxes as he realizes Gemini is here, is *real*; the way every worry buzzing inside his brain melts away with Gemini's sole presence.

He moves closer, absentmindedly inching near Gemini in his seat.

"Hi," he says. His voice comes out softer than intended, fondness all too strikingly evident in his tone. Gem seems to find it cute, the way he smiles at Fourth. "Did you finish filming already?"

"Yup," Gem nods. "I don't have anything else for today. So, I decided to visit my favorite person on set."

Fourth's chest roars with affection, consumed by an impossible, endless amount of love.

He loves Gemini too much.

Gem rocks on the heels of his feet, moving to sit down on the sofa armrest, swinging his legs over Fourth's lap. He bends over, elbows resting just above his knees as he glances down at what Fourth is busy with.

He's *close*. Fourth can smell his shampoo, get a glimpse of the specks of gold in his eyes.

Fourth loves him *so much.*

"Are you rereading your lines?" Gem asks.

"Mhm."

"Ohh," Gem utters, curious. "I can help you practice then."

Fourth tucks Gemini's rebellious hair behind his ear, fingers lingering for a moment. Time encapsules— stretches leisurely as Fourth observes the side-profile of Gem's face, attentive and adoringly, eyes fixed on it until Gemini turns his head to look back at him.

Fourth blinks. He didn't realize it when Gem initially entered the room, too focused on trying to decipher if Gemini was real or a byproduct of his exhausted imagination, but as he settles on the calmness of the room and stares back at Gem, he's *hit* with it—

"Gem," he frowns.

Gemini tilts his head. "Hm?"

Fourth brushes his fingers on the side of Gemini's face, touch soft as he cradles Gem's cheek. Gem immediately leans into the touch, maybe unconsciously. Fourth caresses a thumb below Gemini's right eye, following the movement with his eyes. He's gentle, darting his gaze across Gem's face to inspect it.

He leans forward, speaking softly as he glances at him concerningly.

"Are you okay, Gem?" he asks, worry etched in his voice. "Your eyes look tired."

The makeup does a pretty decent job in hiding Gemini's eyebags well enough; and that's probably the reason why Gem kept it on. But there's something in his stance, and the lack of sparkle in his doe-eyes. He's cheery and talks animatedly, and probably for someone who doesn't know him too well, Gemini looks alright.

But Fourth can tell.

"You noticed…" Gem mumbles.

He looks caught off guard, pretty likely not expecting Fourth (or anyone, for the matter) to realize he's tired. Fourth knows. Gem doesn't like sharing his problems with others; doesn't like looking anything but happy around people he loves.

But Fourth cares. Cares enough to notice the changes in his expressions; cares enough to act accordingly every time he sees him low on energy or sleepy or in a sad mood. He always tries his best to help him out, as much as Gem does with him.

Gem always sees right through him. Always seems to know whenever Fourth feels bad or isn't in the best mood. So he guesses it's something they can do with each other.

"Of course I did," Fourth says.

"You say it like it's easy," Gem says. "But usually people don't realize…"

They can't tell, he doesn't add.

Yeah, Fourth feels the need to answer. *But we're talking about me here. About you and me. Of course I would notice.*

"I just worry about you," Fourth gently reminds him, tucking another stray hair behind his ear, then holding Gem's chin. "All the time, you know?"

Gem's face softens— crumbles for a split second. It's enough for Fourth to see it; the emotional rollercoaster that goes through his eyes, the way he seems to press his lips together to keep himself from crying; how *touched* he feels. Fourth just wants to protect him from everything that could every hurt him.

He pulls Gem's face closer to his. His fingers sink in the strands of Gemini's hair as he pats his head, ruffling his hair.

"So are you okay?" he asks, caring and tender, voice gentle.

Gem smiles. It's small, but genuine.

"Yeah, everything's alright," he says, one arm hooking behind Fourth's head. "I'm just a bit tired, that's all."

Fourth hums.

"It was a long shoot," Gem adds. "And my ankle was hurting a bit again too."

Fourth frowns, concern laced into his voice. “Did you go with the doctor again?”

Gem nods. “Yeah, last Tuesday.”

“What did he say? Is it serious?” Fourth asks; then realizes that Gem probably doesn’t want to go further into the topic and backtracks a bit. “… If you want to talk about it.”

He wants to know; he really does. But he doesn’t want to push.

Conspicuous fondness softens Gemini’s face; like he’s all too endeared by Fourth’s visible apprehension.

“’s alright,” he says, playing with Fourth’s ear, fingers teasing the ear lobe. “He said I just need more rest.”

“So rest, *you*,” Fourth scolds, with no real bite in his voice, but serious.

“I *am*,” Gemini pouts, then moves so he’s sitting on Fourth’s thighs instead of the armrest, now curled up in Fourth’s lap. “Right now.”

Fourth’s heart stutters in his chest at the sudden move, but he stays firm as he instructs him, “But you should rest *more*.”

“It’s okay, FotFot,” Gem smiles. “I don’t have much work this next week, mostly just college. It’ll be fine.”

Hm.

Gem shrugs, looking up at the ceiling as he stretches.

“I guess I’ve just been low on energy these days,” he says.

Fourth places a hand on the small of his back, weighting on the delicate arch to support him. He rubs circles on the skin, soothingly, as a gesture of comfort. He wonders how hard this week has been for Gem. Fourth should’ve had called him or texted him to ask…

“Really?”

“Mmn,” Gem stares at the ceiling, leaning back on Fourth’s touch. “Back there, when I was filming, it was just— there were *so* many people. It’s not weird, y’know? But I guess I got a bit overwhelmed. I’ve been working nonstop all week after all.”

“I get it.”

He does. Being around too many people — all of them talking and running around and giving you a ton of instructions… it can be overwhelming. It can get *especially* bad if they work during the entire week, too, piled up with homework and studies and side jobs.

Gem hums, contemplative, side-eyeing him. After a moment, his mouth quirks up into a lovely smile.

He tilts his head, eyes sparkling with mirth as he says, “Or maybe there just wasn’t enough *FotFot* in my week, you know?”

Fourth’s ears warm up. He averts eye-contact, mumbling an embarrassed, “What are you saying?”

Gemini giggles. “Are you shy?” he teases merrily.

“No,” Fourth says, refusing (or, unable to) look back at Gem.

“*That so*,” Gem drawls.

He doesn’t say anything else, but he moves to *bump* his forehead against Fourth’s. It’s a light and soft *thump*, pressing warmly on Fourth’s skin.

Fourth splutters, flustered, blinking too many times to count. Gem has his eyes closed, but Fourth’s shy, chirpy sounds make him smile.

They’ve been this close and *even closer* before, why is Fourth getting so stupidly coy? Why is he so worked-up suddenly?

“W-What are y-you doing?” he squeaks.

“*Recharging*,” Gem hums, voice teetering like he’s half-singing, half-mumbling.

Fourth stares, trying to calm down his unsteady heartbeat.

Gemini is spellbindingly *beautiful*. Absolutely breathtaking. The delicate nose, the sprinkle of moles, the dainty eyelashes, the pretty, full lips; the warmest eyes someone has ever had.

Fourth could stare at him all day; for the rest of his life.

He looks so at peace now, in Fourth’s proximity; quiet and relaxed in the small space between them, like he knows nothing could ever cause him pain if he stays. With Fourth.

Fourth’s heart aches— yearns and longs and bleeds, bare open.

“Gem.”

“Hm?”

Fourth breathes in, deep. He’d give Gemini the universe if he just asked, truly.

“Please take care of yourself, okay?”

Gemini’s eyes flutter open so he can see Fourth’s expression. He softens, sweet and adoring as he complies.

“Of course, nong FotFot,” he says, then quotes one of his songs, grinning. “*Anything you want*.”

Fourth quirks an eyebrow, giving Gem's forehead a light *bump*. "Oi. I'm serious."

Gem throws his head back to laugh, arms wrapped behind Fourth's neck. He's so pretty it hurts. Seeing him laugh, full of life and bubbly colors, is such a surreal view every time— framed by pastel tones and soft, joyful hues. A moment so magical time seems to move slowly as he laughs.

Then, he's moving closer to Fourth again, like they're magnets who can't stay away for too long. He lingers, forehead barely brushing against Fourth's as he tries to mimic their previous pose. His hair tickles, and he smells saccharine. His eyes are the sweetest shade of brown. Fourth could drown in him.

"I know you're serious about it," Gem says, "I am, too. I'll take care."

"'kay. *Please*."

Gem's bottom lip juts out, batting eyelashes prettily as he looks at him. "I promise."

Fourth nods then, satisfied. Gem pokes Fourth's cheek with his pinky. He does it over and over again, too easily entertained. Fourth just stares back at him silently, watching him with mushy fondness. It's just been a couple of days, but Fourth really can't stay away from him for too long.

"I missed you these days," he confesses.

In the solace of the room, his words feel huge. Ineffable. A truth so loud it speaks volumes.

Gemini seems to know.

He smiles. Syrupy and honey-dripping sweet, glancing at Fourth with softness in his eyes.

"Me too," he says. "Really."

Fourth bites down on his inner cheek. He loves Gemini too much.

It's not even about the kisses — as much as he loves them. But it's about Gemini himself — his presence, his *existence*. It makes Fourth so happy he could burst from it.

"You know," Gemini says, contemplative. "If I could do this all again, and they asked me to choose another partner…" his eyes search Fourth's, not continuing until he holds Fourth's gaze intently. "I wouldn't. I *wouldn't* choose anyone else. I'd only choose you."

The smile that blossoms in his mouth is impossibly tender. So sweet it makes Fourth's heart stutter.

"Over and over again," Gem says, "I'd only choose you, Fourth."

Fourth's belly explodes— a million of butterflies swirling and dancing inside like they've been told a miracle. He wants to burn this moment forever into his brain; he wants to be able

to keep it in his pocket so he can look back on it whenever he wants to; record it in his heart, in that loving place reserved just for Gem.

Gemini has a way to make him feel appreciated— cherished and treasured and *loved*, in ways he didn't know someone would ever love him.

He's getting emotional. Because Gemini is telling— sincere and genuine as he declares, like a prayer— like a secret; like a *promise*— that no matter what, Fourth would always be his first choice.

Somewhere inside his chest, it aches. Maybe everywhere.

I love you.

I love you; I love you; I love you.

His heartbeat chants Gemini's name; sings it sweetly into the air.

"I'd only choose you, too," he says. And nothing has ever been more true.

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Almost a month later, nothing really triggering happens. Their routine stays mostly the same, with them dancing around each other, kissing and being clingy behind the scenes. Fourth teeters on thin ice, torn between not knowing what to do with his feelings and being too in love to even care about that. He learns to balance these sides within himself most times.

That is, until one night, *something* changes.

Fourth is cooking dinner in Gemini's apartment. He's been here far too many times by now that he knows the kitchen like the palm of his hand, so he maneuvers easily his way into it — even when Gemini clings to his back, arms wrapped around Fourth's middle, dragging along as Fourth moves around the small room.

Gem rests his chin on Fourth's shoulder, peeking at the pan gurgling in the stove.

"Looks good," he says.

Fourth hums. Gem's response at Fourth's lack of verbal answer is being increasingly *touchy*.

"Fot," he says, drumming his fingers in Fourth's stomach; light like butterfly wings. *Tap-tap; tap-tap-tap.* "FotFot," he calls again, lips dangerously close to Fourth's sensitive ear.

Gah.

Fourth tries to focus on the stir-fry noodles instead, trying not to burn down the kitchen as Gem bites down on his shoulder— not hard enough to hurt, but definitely for Fourth to have a *reaction* to it, arching back unconsciously.

"*Foooot*," Gem follows up, with a whiny, baby-ish tone of voice that has Fourth's knees buckling.

The thought echoes again inside his head, helplessly: *he's such a weak man*. Gemini doesn't really need to do much for Fourth to be completely at his mercy.

Fourth takes a deep breath.

"Ai'nhoo," Gem mumbles, hands wandering across Fourth's abdomen, stopping just below his chest. He turns his head to whisper against Fourth's neck, lips ghosting over his pulse. "Nong FotFot."

Goosebumps run down Fourth's back, and he wiggles in Gemini's warm embrace, hyper self-aware of every point of contact of their skin touching.

"*Gem*," he hisses, nervous. "You're distracting me..."

"Good!" Gem chirps animatedly, a grin conspicuous in his voice. "Pay attention to me."

More than demanding, Gem's tone is sulky and huffy and absolutely fucking adorable. Fourth is going to combust.

"You're *so*—"

"Handsome?" Gem offers, good-humored. "Cool? Funny? Amazing?"

Cute; endearing; smart; talented; the most beautiful guy to ever exist… there are a lot of adjectives that could be added to that very short list, in Fourth's opinion. He won't say that out loud, though, so he just looks over his shoulder at Gem with a raised eyebrow, amused.

Gemini shoots him a drop-dead gorgeous grin— all toothy and pretty and cute; boastful in a boyish way.

"You *know* you think that about me," he says; almost *brags*.

Fourth can't even deny him that. He thinks it's cute that Gem has the confidence in how many good things Fourth thinks about him.

"Yeah," he confirms, genuine. "And more, too."

Gemini's teasing smile falters, eyes blinking as he ducks his head with a pout, half-pushing him away.

"*Ai'Fot,*" he squeaks, bashfulness laced into his voice.

Fourth smiles, endeared. He turns off the stove, clicking the spoon on the counter as he turns around to give his full attention to Gem, deciding it's better to do so if he doesn't want Gem to sulk any further. Besides, Fourth *missed* talking to him today. They didn't see each other all day.

He leans back on the counter, half-sitting there as he looks up at Gem. Gemini lights up, delighted to have Fourth's undivided attention on him. He bounces on his heels, hands tracing up Fourth's arms until they stop at his shoulders.

Fourth tips his head back, smile gentle as he stares at Gemini's beaming expression. He's *so* cute.

"Hi there, pretty boy," he says, coquettish, fingers hooking in the hem of Gem's loose jeans to pull him closer.

Gemini presses his lips together in a shy, happy smile at the adoring pet name, but he doesn't make any comment on it, pointedly ignoring it. The faint blush on his face is devastatingly endearing, but Fourth is benevolent enough to not point it out aloud.

"*Ayo*," Gem greets back, leaning forward as he slides his arms behind Fourth's head. "What are you doing this lovely night, FotFot?"

"Mmm," Fourth bites his bottom lip, eyes darting across Gemini's face.

Gemini is so astonishingly captivating. Here, under the dim light of his kitchen, with a bare face and messy hair, in simple clothes, he looks so… young. Younger than he actually is. And very pretty, in a different way than usual. Fourth relishes in the beauty of his mundane glory; here, after-shower, standing in front of Fourth. His sun-kissed skin, the heart-shaped curve of his lips, the starry-eyes holding the whole universe of galaxies in them, warm and the sweetest shade of brown. Everything about him is bewitching.

Fourth can't help but stare a bit— bask in the fact that he has such a pretty guy standing in front of him. *In his life*. He thinks that if they hadn't met the way they did— if Gemini passed by him across the street like a stranger, or in the hallways of the university just like another tired student, Fourth would notice him either way. Because Gemini is hard not to notice, even in a massive crowd; and Fourth supposes he'd be always drawn to him, eyes following him in a room full of people.

Maybe if they hadn't met like this — if they hadn't filmed a series together, if they hadn't bonded and talked like they do now — Fourth would still fall in love with him; he'd still want to kiss him, and he'd stay hours awake at night, thinking about how it could be without ever knowing for real.

He wonders if Gemini would notice him too— in the middle of the crowd; in the middle of nowhere. He wonders if he'd be able to tell their souls are linked.

Gem waves a hand in front of his face to catch his attention back to reality. "Earth to FotFot?"

“Ah,” Fourth utters, embarrassed at the fact that he got sidetracked just by staring at Gemini’s pretty face. “Uh. I was trying to make dinner for someone,” he says, answering Gem’s previous question, “But *that* person is being very clingy right now.”

“Maybe they just missed you,” Gem pouts. “And I *told* you, you don’t have to make dinner for me.”

Fourth arches an eyebrow. “Yeah, I *have* to, because otherwise you only eat rice that you previously put in the freezer.”

Gemini *bleps*— sticks out his tongue, scrunching up his nose, then laughs. “It’s *easier*.”

Fourth is *horrified*, realizing that’s what Gem eats most days. It’s true that it’s easier, but he can’t *believe* he just found out about this. He needs to cook for Gem more. Gem needs more veggies. And meat.

Gemini bumps their foreheads together— a soft *thump*, mimicking the sound of Fourth’s heart jumping at the closeness.

“*Don’t worry*,” Gem admonishes. “How was your day?”

“Horrible,” Fourth quips back. “I hate being away from you.”

Gem snorts, looking a very familiar mix between amused and flustered. “*Sappy*.”

Fourth shrugs nonchalantly, eyes set in Gemini’s. “It’s just the truth.”

Gem hums, seemingly getting shy at the declaration. He hugs Fourth closer, eyelashes fluttering as his face softens along with his voice, eyes attentive and caring, “…Was your day seriously horrible?”

Fourth’s mouth twitches.

“No, I was just joking,” he says, just as softly; affection swelling up his chest as he realizes Gem is sincerely worried about it. “It was pretty normal. Filming finished early, so…” he pecks Gemini’s shoulder, sinking in the warmth of his body pulled close to Fourth’s. “And I went out to eat with my friends from uni, that was really fun. We went to that new restaurant across Chula.”

“Hmm,” Gemini’s eyes become sort of dazed, as if sleepy, but they’re kind and attentive as he listens to Fourth. He’s probably just setting in a calm, relaxed state, as every time Fourth starts touching him. “Sounds cool.”

“It was,” Fourth confirms. “We should go there sometime. I saw some stuff you’d like. They have a *whole* section of Japanese food on the menu.”

Gemini perks up, interested. “Really?”

Fourth smiles. “Yes.”

He rubs his thumbs along the line of Gemini's waist, dipping in the slope of his belly as he draws soothing, comforting circles. Gem quite visibly eases, relaxing under the ministrations.

"I kept thinking you'd be over the moon with that," Fourth chuckles.

Gemini gives him a cheeky smirk, eyes sparkling with teasing mirth. "So you think about me when I'm not there?"

Fourth huffs. What even type of question is that?

Of course I do, he thinks. *All the time*. *More than you'll ever known. More than I'll ever be allowed to.*

"When I said I hate being away from you it was true," he says, instead. His voice comes off syrupy fond.

"*Cheesy*," Gemini jests again, making a goofy face.

Fourth wonders at the back of his head what would Gemini think of Fourth's hopelessly romantic thoughts about him; those that echo inside Fourth's mind every day. Maybe he'd tease him nonstop. Maybe he'd get flustered. Maybe, *perhaps*, he'd be *happy*…

"I'm glad you had fun with your friends, FotFot," he smiles, saccharine. "It's been a while since you had time to go out with them, isn't it?"

Fourth is so irrevocably smitten with this guy. He wants to kiss his smile a million times and it'll never be enough.

"Mhm."

He sneaks his arms behind Gemini, resting on the arch of the small of his back.

"How was your day, *tee-rak?*" he asks, voice velvety as he throws in another affectionate pet name. "What did you do?"

He inquires this as if he didn't have Gemini's schedule almost fully memorized. As if he wasn't praying this very morning for Gemini's recording to go well. As if he didn't want to text him a bazillion times over the day to ask him if it'd had gone alright when he visited his mom.

But, the thing is, he *enjoys* listening to Gemini talk. He likes the sound of his voice. He likes the way Gem gushes about things, the way he tells stories, the way he rambles on about his day— about the things that went well, or whine about something that bothered him. Fourth could listen to him talk and talk and never get tired of it.

(Satang says Gemini is exactly the same with him when he lets Fourth ramble on and babble about whatever topic, and Fourth realizes that it's true. Gemini lets him talk so much without interrupting when Fourth gets ramble-y or sleepy enough to babble on, and he's always so observant and attentive to every point he makes.)

Gemini hums, pensive.

“I spent most day in the recording studio,” he says, bottom lip jutting out as he mulls it over. “It was *really* fun, but now my throat hurts.”

Fourth nods. He lifts up his hand to cup the side of Gem’s neck, tracing up the column of his throat with his thumb. Gem’s lashes flutter at the contact.

“Did you take your pills for that?”

“Mmn. Yup.”

“Did your asthma act up?”

“Nope,” Gem shakes his head. “Everything went well.”

“I’m glad,” Fourth smiles, relieved.

“Mhm,” Gem continues. “The new song is *so* catchy, I really like it,” he says. “I’m happy they took on some of the suggestions I made for the lyrics, too… Oh! And they even let me make some arrangements on the composition.”

Fourth smiles. Gem’s eyes shine the way they always do when he’s talking about music, and it makes Fourth happy. He knows how hardworking Gem is, and how passionate he is about pursuing this line of work, and how much of his soul is into his every job, but *especially* on his music. Fourth is so beyond proud of him.

“That’s amazing,” he says, smiling widely. “I’m sure you did an incredible job.”

Gemini puffs out a very cute ‘he-he’ chuckle, tilting up his chin proudly with a grin of his own. “I did my best.”

“Like you always do,” Fourth praises.

Gemini’s smile wobbles, cheerful at the praise but also sheepish. He’s the most endearing person that Fourth has ever met. He wants to bite his cheeks; kiss him over and over and over until Gemini is a giggling, blushing mess.

“The song is so cool,” he says, happy. “I bet you’ll love it.”

“I bet I will.”

Fourth has no doubts about it. He admires Gemini so much; he’s his favorite singer in the world.

“I’ll let you hear it as soon as it’s finished,” Gemini says, enthusiastic.

Fourth’s chest bursts with fondness; smitten to his very core. It’s such a sweet, loving gesture, he wonders if Gemini ever realizes it— the fact that Gemini would lay out bare and open something so meaningful and important to him to Fourth before anyone else. The fact that he

wants Fourth to be the one to hear it first. The fact that he's ecstatic about the idea of sharing something he treasures so much with Fourth as soon as he has it with him.

It makes Fourth all sorts of emotional; happy and overjoyed. He's so in love with Gemini he doesn't know how he can handle most of it some days.

"That's such an honor," he says, soft; feeling himself mellowing from the inside. "I'm really looking forward to it. I know how hard you've worked on it."

Gem smiles.

"You know," he says, "As I was singing, I was thinking it'd sound really amazing in your voice, too," he notes. "You should cover it when it airs. The chorus fits your musical range so well."

Fourth's stomach flutters like a million hummingbirds live there, like every time Gemini hypes up his singing, or his dancing, or anything he does. Gemini is always so utterly genuine and sweet in his compliments and endless praise, it boosts Fourth's confidence so much. It makes him feel proud of himself.

"You think a lot of songs fit me," Fourth says. He's being teasing, but he's also absolutely devastated at the fact that Gemini *does* think that. In their shared playlist, Gemini is always pointing out songs of different music genres that 'would suit Fourth's voice', according to him.

"That's because you have a lovely singing voice," Gemini says, smiling sweetly.

"My number one fan, *thank you*," Fourth shoots back. He's meant to joke about it, but the way he's incredibly touched about Gem's constant appreciation is crystal clear in his voice. He's truly grateful for it.

Gemini's grin grows impossibly big, like he's proud of the fact that Fourth just called him that. "That's me, yes."

Guuuh. Fourth wants to kiss him *stupid,* holy shit.

"You'll shoot for the MV next month…?"

"Mhm," Gem nods. "I've been going through the choreo with P'Mix these days."

Fourth licks the roof of his mouth, contemplative. He thinks back on it— about Gemini's multiple dancing tiktoks and the ones that have never seen the light of the day; about his concentrated face when he's 'in the zone' while practicing choreographies; about the way his body becomes one with the music, with the rhythm, smooth and elegant and terribly *hot* as he moves…

Fourth has seen a couple of moves for Gemini's new choreography already— he showed Fourth a few of them and has been practicing hard between shows to do them right. He seems to get the hang of it very fast, and he looks like he's having fun with it.

Fourth gulps. Gemini is *mesmerizing*. Fourth can't wait to see the full choreo, but he's also afraid he'd fall in love even harder when he sees it.

"I love seeing you dance," he says, voice cracking at the end.

"Of course you do, you love my moves," Gemini jests, stepping back to have enough room to shake his hips, making a full body-roll, and—

Okay. Fourth is aware that Gemini is acting silly and goofy, and that the way he did it wasn't even in a serious manner, but it *still* has Fourth *crumbling*, combusting to the point he has to hold onto the counter to not fall to his knees in front of him, like a dumbass.

Gosh, he's so enamored it's embarrassing. He's so far gone he can't even stand up at this point.

"Charmed me right away," he says, not lying in the slightest.

Gemini giggles. Something in the mirthfully mischievous sparkle in his eyes tell Fourth that he sees *right* through him, to just how viscerally he has an effect on Fourth.

Fourth can't even be mad. He's too endeared by Gemini's giggly self.

"And I also saw my mom in the morning," Gem says.

"I remember you told me about it," Fourth answers. "You had breakfast with her, right?"

"*Yup*."

Fourth softens at the glee in Gem's voice. He knows how much Gem adores and loves his mom. It's always nice when he gets to spend time with her.

"How was she?"

"Doing fine," Gem drones. "She said hi. And that you should visit her soon. She misses you."

Fourth chuckles, affectionate. It makes him happy that Mae Ning likes him so much. He adores her a lot. She's like a second mom to him.

"I miss her too," Fourth says, sincere.

Gemini quirks up a smile, but his voice is all whiny when he jokes around with, "I swear she likes you more than me!"

Fourth clicks his tongue, playful. A grin lazily blooms in his mouth.

"It's good that she likes her *son-in-law*, isn't it?"

Gemini shoots him a look, like he knows what Fourth is doing and he won't let him have this one. Funny how Fourth is the most competitive out of the two, but Gem *loves* trying to one-up him in making him more shy and flustered than Fourth does with him.

(And it isn't really a competition. Lately, Fourth can't even hold eye-contact with Gem without becoming a flustered mess. Gemini holds too much power over him.)

"*Yes*, it is," Gem drawls, eyes shining like a kid who has a trick planned. "She thinks you're very beautiful."

Fourth feels his ears grow warm at the sudden compliment, taken aback by the way Gem says it, like he thinks it's true even more than his mom does. Maybe it's the way he's looking at Fourth, eyebrows raised, eyes fixed in Fourth's face, searching for the most minimal change in his expression.

Fourth struggles to find his own voice, trying very hard not to look away from Gem's piercing, intense gaze.

"Just like her son," Fourth counters, not wanting to back down from their back-and-forth game.

Gem's grin morphs into a cheeky smirk, eyes shining. "Truly, yes."

Ghhng. Fourth's mouth twitches. He nearly looks away, embarrassed.

"*You know*," Gem says, unblinking, "She was telling me that now that same-sex marriage is legal in Thailand, she'd accept you as my *husband*."

Fourth splutters, blush deepening and spreading all over his face. He feels so warm he's pretty sure there's smoke coming off his ears. How can Gem say something like that to his *face?* What the hell! Fourth is going to *die*.

He hits Gemini's shoulder, absolutely *mortified*.

"*Stop*," he whines, trying to hide his face from Gemini's avid eyes as he lets his forehead fall on Gem's shoulder.

Gemini laughs, *elated*.

"Stop what?" he asks merrily, patting Fourth's back, as if oblivious to the very fact that he was saying all of that out loud shamelessly to make Fourth shy.

Well. It *worked*. Fourth is going to be blushing for a week.

He huffs, willing his embarrassment to melt away. He inhales deeply, then pushes Gem lightly, turning around to go back to the stove.

"I'll keep making your dinner," he announces.

"*Nooo*," Gem whines, grabbing his arm and pulling Fourth back to him. His side bumps into Gem's chest, stumbling as he's pulled close to him again. "*Stay*."

Fourth side-eyes him. A bad idea, really, because Gemini is *pouting*, and he has the prettiest doe-eyes Fourth has ever seen, and he can't say *no* to him. He only has to look at Fourth and

Fourth will do whatever Gemini wants him to.

“Okay…” he concedes.

Gemini smiles, all sunshine-y and bubbly.

Fourth can’t help but stare, his heart doing gymnastics inside. It doesn’t matter how many times he’s seen Gem’s smile, it affects him just the same— making his chest all fluttery and his legs feel like jelly. His mind buzzes warmth like crackling static, tickling under his skin, vibrating in his core.

His eyes scan Gemini’s face — slowly, leisurely — along the cherry-red lips and round cheeks, over the cute nose and beautiful, warm eyes.

In the quiet of the room, and this close, with them alone, Fourth’s heart aches yet again, more profoundly than he’s able to explain with words. It’s in moments like these when he lets himself fantasize, long and yearn for something he doesn’t know if he’s allowed to ask. And it’s also in moments like these, where the depth of his pining hits him like a ton of bricks, and he feels miserable.

He wants this — he wants Gemini; entirely and forever. In all his forms, in all his shapes; in his good days, in his bad days; in the moments when he’s loud and silly, in the moments he’s calm and silent. Fourth wants and wants and *wants*; and he feels stupid and ridiculous and selfish for it.

And it hurts.

But above all, he cherishes these lapses of time; where they’re alone and Fourth can be allowed to be *close*. Where he’s allowed to see Gemini like *this*, the version of himself with no cameras around, his carefree self, the side he only lets Fourth see.

It’s unfathomable — that he’s the only one allowed to see it; but he treasures it — the trust; the way Gemini just lets himself *be* whenever they’re alone.

He’s happy he can be Gemini’s home — the one Gem can come back to whenever he’s down or stressed; the one that makes him feel protected, if only for a bit.

He swallows.

He wants to be that forever. He wishes he could ask for it.

He breathes, licks his lips, tries to focus on reality again.

He reaches out— Gemini’s hair has grown long enough that his messy bangs cover his eyes now; wavy and fluffy and delicate. Fourth brushes them off his forehead, tucks the strands that he can behind Gemini’s ears so he can see Gemini’s pretty eyes properly. His hair is silky, dancing between his fingers like petals.

“Your hair is getting long,” Fourth says. His voice comes out soft.

Gem hums, absentmindedly touching the hair that stills cascades over his face.

“Should I cut it?” he ponders.

Fourth smiles, endeared that Gem has this habit of asking Fourth about decisions he’s musing over before taking them.

“If you want to,” he says. “You’ll look handsome either way.”

Gem blinks at the sudden compliment, then laughs.

“Oh-*hoh*,” Gem utters, sounding impressed about how easily Fourth slipped in the coquettish comment. “Flirting 24/7, nhoo.”

Fourth prods Gem’s cheek. “It’s not as much as flirting as it is stating facts, *baby*.”

Gemini’s face contorts, like he’s trying very hard not to laugh. His happiness is bubbly and contagious, evident on the smile of his face that reaches his eyes.

“*Huuy*,” he chirps, “Very smooth of you.”

Fourth laughs. “Thank you.”

He pokes Gem’s forehead with his index finger— once, twice, three times— something Fourth’s mom used to do when he was a kid and she was either scolding him playfully or teasing him. The third time he does, his touch lingers, not wanting to pull his hand away.

He stares at Gem’s eyes, tentative. His eyes look back at Fourth expectantly, as if Gemini could tell Fourth wanted to do something but was hesitating.

Do it, he seems to say, balancing on his heels, tilting down his head so it’s closer to Fourth’s. *It’s okay.*

Fourth breathes in, out. In, out. He moves his finger down, brushing the skin gently. He draws the bridge of Gem’s nose, slowly tracing the middle of Gem’s face until he reaches Gem’s mouth. His upper lip feels soft under the pad of his finger, and his bottom lip bounces when Fourth teases it.

Gemini’s lips are *so* pretty. Bow-shaped, plump and so stupidly *tempting*. They’re enthralling, soft looking, tinted with a natural, gentle vermillion hue.

His thumb strokes the soft skin, eyes following the movement, a bit tad breathless.

“…Your lips are so red,” Fourth exhales, voice barely a whisper.

“Of course,” Gem says, like he’s sharing a secret. His mouth curls up in a complicit smile, like he’s heavily aware of how agitated Fourth is. “It’s because I’m healthy, babe.”

Fourth looks up at Gemini’s eyes. They’re *hypnotic*, glowing beautifully soft as they search Fourth’s gaze earnestly.

“That so…” Fourth mumbles.

Gem bends down slightly in response, so his face is at the same height of Fourth’s, not breaking eye-contact as he does. He pushes his hair back with one hand, staring intently as a teasing smile dances on his mouth.

He’s too close.

Fourth can feel himself getting exponentially flustered, but he doesn’t step back.

Gem holds Fourth’s gaze, the smile on his face blossoming into a bubbly grin as he stares at Fourth centimeters away. A giggle is evident at the back of his throat, reaching his starry-eyes, and if he’s trying to seduce Fourth then he’s *effortlessly* doing it.

Fourth wants to kiss him so bad it’s insane.

“So,” Gem drawls, tilting his head so he’s even closer, lips brushing against Fourth’s. “Wanna have a taste?”

Fourth *crumbles*. Like a hungry man, he opens his mouth as soon as Gem’s lips crash into his, avid and eager and *sloppy*, uncaring about doing it properly. Gem kisses him just as keenly, impatient and a tad bit rough as he grabs the back of Fourth’s head, sinking nails in his scalp, pulling at strands of unruly hair.

Gem is *hot*— the inside of his mouth searing and sultry as Fourth explores it with his tongue. With his mind foggy, hazed and blurry, Fourth gets consumed by the ever-present, simmering want in his stomach, scorching under his skin, fuzzy in his veins.

Fourth bites Gem’s bottom lip, pulls at it between his teeth and grazes it like he’s trying to devour it into his mouth. Gem groans in response— a breathy, raspy sound as Fourth worries his lip.

Maybe it’s the way Gem arches into him, or the way he steps impossibly closer that make Fourth trip back, stumbling until his back is bumping with the kitchen counter.

Fourth hisses, nose scrunching at the pain. Gem instantly pulls back at the sound, eyebrows knitted together as he stares at Fourth concerningly.

“You okay?” he asks, voice husky and *deep*. Fourth looks up at him, toes curling at the guttural tone of his voice, mouth getting dry.

Gemini is complete disaster: his hair a mess, his cheeks a rosy shade, his lips swollen and cherry-red, moisty with saliva that Fourth supposes is a mix from both of them. Fourth stares, mesmerized, realizing a second later that there’s a cut in Gem’s mouth and that he’s very probably the reason it’s there in the first place.

He frowns, cupping Gemini’s jaw as he stares at the blood smeared at the corner of Gem’s mouth.

“I’m okay,” Fourth mumbles, sweeping his thumb gently over the bruise. He feels guilty; and it *stings*. He can’t believe he hurt Gem in his dazed state. He glances up, locking eyes with him, finger still pressed to Gem’s abused lip. “…Are you?”

“Mmn?” Gem frowns, confused. His breath is still uneven, eyes dopey as he looks back at Fourth.

Fourth moves his hand to show him the red dripping from his thumb. “I cut you. I’m sorry.”

Gem blinks, seemingly lost. He tilts his head to the side, “…Did you?”

He licks his lip, as if to confirm what his eyes are seeing, tasting the blood in his mouth as he deletes every trace of it with the tip of his tongue.

Fourth feels guilty again for finding that hot.

“’s okay,” Gem says, voice sluggish and drawled out, as if drunk. He’s already bending down to angle his face, like he wants to be kissing Fourth again. “I don’t mind.”

Fourth’s lips brush against Gem’s as he speaks, “You sure?”

“Mhm,” Gem hums, holding the sides of Fourth’s face with both hands to tip his chin up.

Fuck.

Glancing back at him, Gem’s eyes are hooded; pupils blown and skin blushed. He’s gorgeous and messy and looks *needy*, and Fourth wants nothing more than to kiss him stupid until he forgets his name.

So he does.

He kisses Gem again; sweeps his tongue over the corner of his mouth, thumb pressing on his jaw until Gem opens his lips, welcoming. It’s wet and *blazing*, all-consuming warmth spreading all over Fourth's body; like summer rain falling on his skin.

His skin is all tingly, his entire body buzzing as he becomes hypersensitive at every part that Gem touches.

Their legs a tangled chaos, Gem’s knee digs on Fourth’s inner thigh, and his hands roam around everywhere they can reach. His touch gentle but *burning*, he brushes Fourth’s bare arms, tracing from his shoulders to Fourth’s hands, intertwining their fingers together with one hand as the other teases under the hem of Fourth’s tank-top, fingers dipping under the fabric to feel the skin below.

Oh. *Oh god*.

Fourth's muscles buckle under the attention, trembling at the soft contact of Gemini’s fingertips.

Shit.

Shit, shit, shit.

Gem's nails graze over his abs, gently scratching on the skin at the same time he rolls his tongue around Fourth's, and Fourth *glitches*.

He doesn't know why exactly, but Gem is acting different this time— more hungry than usual, *greedy*, as if craving Fourth's contact and mouth; claiming it into his with vehement enthusiasm.

Usually, Fourth is the one doing most of the touching, but now Gem is— all around him, Fourth can feel him *everywhere*— in his tongue, in his mouth, in the solid weight pressing against his legs and the butterfly touch over his ribs.

And Fourth is absolutely *wrecked*. He's too into it that he doesn't realize he's practically *moaning* in Gemini's mouth helplessly. (He's pretty sure once the blood in his horny self clears out, he's gonna be *mortified* about it.)

"So?" Gem asks, voice velvety and breathy between brazen, hungry kisses. His hand puts pressure on Fourth's side, and he smiles when Fourth lets out a soft, shaky sigh. "How do I taste, Fourth?"

Fuck.

Fuck.

Fourth downright *malfunctions*. He doesn't compute.

He can taste Gemini's smirk in his own mouth; can feel Gem's heartbeat under his fingertips as Fourth presses his hand spread open over his chest; can feel the way Gem's tongue moves against the roof of his mouth as he calls Fourth's name into his needy lips.

"Sweet," Fourth exhales, shaky, as an answer. His hand cups the back of Gem's head to hold him in place, "Soft," he says, voice broken and ruined, "*Hot*."

Gem giggles in Fourth's mouth, enjoying the way Fourth becomes a dazed mess under his care: talking in lisp, raspy and soft and almost *purring* in Gemini's mouth.

And Fourth knows he should think it's endearing; he knows he should think he's cute, all bubbly and giggly, but Fourth can't think straight right now.

He can just focus on how devilishly *hot* Gem is.

Gem cups his face, fingers cradling his cheek as he kisses the corner of Fourth's mouth, following a path of soft, lingering pecks down his chin, then his jaw, then on the sensitive spot under it. He breathes in, nosing the column of Fourth's neck, lips hovering over his erratic pulse.

Fourth feels delirious. He holds onto the counter so hard his knuckles go white, also clutching Gemini's shirt, crumpled in his fist as Fourth keeps opening and closing one of his hands around Gemini's broad shoulder blades.

Gemini smiles, mouthing the long line of Fourth's pulse, then the slope of his collarbone, then up again. He presses a soft kiss at the junction where his shoulder and neck meet, then another one on a spot above it, then another one, relishing in the inviting display of Fourth's throat.

Fourth throws his head back to give him more easy access, dizzy. His head buzzes like radio static, all of his body thundering like it's been set on fire.

He feels like a sizzling pot; hot and fizzy and *warm*.

As Gemini peppers Fourth's neck with gentle kisses — alternating between sweet pecks and giddy, open-mouthed ones — his hand slides down, down, *down* from his shoulder; it caresses over Fourth's chest, the tips of his fingers light as they touch and wander; explore experimentally, deliberate and tentative. Then, ever-so-slowly, he puts pressure on his touch, nails flickering down and— maybe it's intentional or entirely on accident, but the pads of his fingers brush over one of Fourth's nipples. Even over his clothes, Fourth is *too* sensitive, and he arches into the touch, making an embarrassing sound that nearly sounds like a *whimper*.

Ah.

Fuuuck.

Warmth pools under his cheeks, flaming hot on his ears, blood rushing to his face.

Fuck.

Gem freezes on the spot, hand coming to a halt. He steps apart after a moment, maybe surprised at Fourth's loud reaction, pulling back as he searches for Fourth's face. Fourth presses his lips together, trying to avert eye-contact, too embarrassed to look back at Gem. He must be a disheveled *mess* to the sight— blushing and so incredibly flustered, delirious with want and dazed into a haze. His mind is still buzzing.

Gemini doesn't say anything, wide-eyed as he breathes heavily. He pulled away far enough to get a glimpse of Fourth's expression, but he's still pretty close to him. His gaze lingers purposely, staring as he slowly — slowly, slowly, slowly; as if afraid to scare him away — and deliberately makes the same move again, pressing down his fingers in Fourth's chest experimentally. Fourth hisses, blush deepening as he feels himself grow hot.

Gemini's eyes darken at his reaction, intently looking at him as his free hand runs down Fourth's bare arm again, fingertips tracing the line of his bicep.

Fourth heaves a breath, dizzy and overwhelmed. Gem's eyes are feverish; eager and sparkly; and there's a hunger in them that makes Fourth's chest go wild and fluttery.

The air around them thickens as Fourth's gaze meets his, and Fourth knows there's something *different*— charged and electrifying between them.

Fourth swallows. He feels drunk; fuzzy and hot all over his skin. Gem is intoxicatingly warm, bewitching and irrevocably breathtaking, and he keeps looking at Fourth like he *wants* him.

He moves between Fourth's legs, caging Fourth's thigh between his own as he pulls at Fourth closer with his hands, flush to his body.

And Fourth—

Fourth *wants* this, too. He wants this *badly*. He wants Gem to touch him. He wants to touch him back.

He wants this more than anything.

But—

But.

But… he can't do this.

Amongst his lust, his chest starts filling with dreading anxiety, foggy mind slowly realizing what he's doing, and he starts panicking.

He can't cross this line. He can't. What is he thinking?

It's like turning on a switch, and an alarm goes off inside his head; a voice echoing inside his brain, *yelling* at him, telling him he's *selfish*, he's *bad*, and all of this is *wrong*— wrong, wrong, *so very wrong*—

He can't do it.

Not like this. Not when he wants so much more than just *this*.

He pushes Gem back, putting distance between them with a trembling hand, palm pushing on Gemini's chest. "*W-Wait*—"

Gem freezes altogether, hands stopping the moment he seems to realize what Fourth just said.

"I— I'm s-sorry," Fourth stutters, chest heavy. "We *can't*— I can't do this."

He can't *breathe*.

"*Fuck*," with every passing second, clarity takes over his foggy brain, and the guilt consuming him almost chokes him. "Fuck, I—"

His voice fails him, and he struggles to swallow as he trips over his own words.

"I'm so sorry," he says, unable to look at Gemini in the eyes. "I'm so sorry, Gem, *I'm so sorry*."

Once Fourth starts talking, he can't *stop*. The words come out of him in a jumble, incoherent mess.

"I really can't do this anymore," he croaks, shaking his head as he vehemently keeps Gem away. "I really can't."

Gemini desperately searches for his eyes as Fourth panics, tilting his head again and again as he tries to make Fourth look back at him.

“Fourth, calm down,” he says, voice soft and gentle as he touches his shoulders.

“I *can't*,” Fourth rasps. It feels like everything that’s been piling up the past weeks— the past *months*— inside him burst out like a bomb. “Gemini, I just— I’m sorry. I really can’t do it.”

Gemini frowns, thumbs rubbing lines over Fourth's collarbones in a comforting gesture. Fourth’s body reacts at the grounding, solid familiarity of it, untensing under the touch, but his heart is still uneasy.

“What do you mean?” Gem asks, tilting his head to get a glimpse of Fourth's face. “Fourth, look at me.”

Fourth feels the tears pricking at his eyes; the burn inside his chest demolishing and consuming every curve in his bones.

“Fourth…”

Gem’s voice is impossibly *soft*; so tender and gentle it almost makes Fourth cry. He’s always, *always* gentle with Fourth, but *right now*, he seems to find within himself a new level of tenderness Fourth didn’t know that was possible.

“It’s okay. You hear me? It’s *okay*, calm down,” Gem keeps reassuring. He dips his thumb under Fourth’s chin, uses it to tip Fourth’s head to the side so he’s finally, *finally* looking back at Gemini’s eyes. “Why are you apologizing?”

Gemini’s eyes are so *alive*. So open, so *sweet*. His gaze is so soft as he stares at Fourth’s face, worry etched into his features.

“Because I can’t keep going on with this,” Fourth says. “I— we have to stop, Gem.”

“That’s fine,” Gem nods, stepping closer, cradling the side of Fourth’s face in one hand. “Hey, that’s completely okay. We don’t have to go any further if you don’t want to.”

Fourth shakes his head.

“I’m not talking about today; about right now—” Fourth says, voice broken. “I’m talking about *this*— we have to stop *everything*.”

Gem frowns, seemingly confused at what Fourth means. “…Everything?”

“*Kissing* each other, acting like a couple, or whatever we’re doing, I just…” Fourth gulps. “It has to stop.”

Everything *hurts*. Aches; feels like a sore spot someone is roughly rubbing on inside him.

Gem’s face does this— a myriad of emotions flicker inside his eyes, so fast Fourth can’t pinpoint most of them. His mouth opens, but nothing comes out and, for a moment, *for a split*

second, he looks absolutely, devastatingly *crushed*.

It *hurts*.

Fourth can't find his voice. It sounds weird in his own ears. "…Are you mad with me?"

"No," Gem answers immediately, frown deepening. "No, Fourth, what? I'm not."

He doesn't sound angry, nor dry. If anything, he's still speaking sweetly at Fourth.

For some reason, that makes Fourth ache in a different way.

"I'm not mad, I'm just…" Gem trails off, like he's pondering about how to phrase his thoughts. "I don't get it. Why…? Are you uncomfortable…? Did I do something wrong?"

He suddenly looks more worried, almost *stressed* as he scoots closer, fretting over Fourth.

"I'm sorry, Fourth, I shouldn't have—"

Fourth blinks. He starts shaking his head, trying to calm Gemini as he thinks he did something as horrible as force himself into Fourth. That's definitely *not* the case.

"No, it's not that," he says, trying to make his voice as gentle as possible. "It's not about tonight, Gem, really."

He licks his lips, eyes darting across Gemini's face as he tries finding the courage to say how he feels.

"I'm not uncomfortable, Gem. It's quite the *opposite*," he says. "I'm *way* too comfortable with this, and it's not fair to you."

Gemini frowns briefly, eyes puzzled. "Why wouldn't it be fair?"

A beat of silence. Fourth's throat closes up.

"…Because we don't feel the same way."

"We do," Gemini says, undeterred, firm. "I'm comfortable with this, too. With *you*."

It *hurts*.

It hurts; it hurts; it hurts.

"No, Gem," *you don't get it.* "It's not the same thing."

You seriously don't get it.

"Why?"

Fourth's heart clutches. It feels like someone is going to rip him open.

“*Because*,” he starts, desperate; hopeless. *It hurts*. “Because…”

He wishes that alone would explain it. He doesn’t want to say it. He doesn’t want to expose his feelings and ruin everything.

“Because I’m being selfish,” he cries, looking at Gemini agonizingly. “I want things with you that I shouldn’t want. I—”

“So?” Gem cuts him off, seemingly equally desperate to reach Fourth. “*Tell me about it.* Be selfish. You’re *allowed* to be. *Especially* with me.”

Fourth groans. “*Not* on this.”

“Why not?” Gem frowns. “Try me.”

Fourth lets out a distressed, wretched sound.

“You’re not getting what I mean, Gem!”

“So *explain* it to me.”

Fourth’s bottom lip quivers.

“You!” he cries out, poking a finger into Gemini’s chest. “I want *you!”*

He heaves a deep breath, agitated and pained. Once the words are out of his chest, he feels like something crawls inside his stomach, ugly.

“I want you,” he says, calmer this time as he looks back at him, “I want *you*, okay?”

After saying it so many times, it tastes gentle in his tongue. Gemini’s eyes widen a fraction at his words, but otherwise, he doesn’t do anything else that gives away how he feels at Fourth’s sudden confession.

“And not in the way you’re thinking,” Fourth adds; words bubbling in his throat like a soda can popping open. “I want to be *yours*, and I want you to be *mine*.”

Fourth feels lightheaded. As he starts talking, he keeps babbling, unable to stop himself.

“I want…” he looks down— at the floor, at his feet, at his own hands, shaky like a leaf in the autumn breeze. “I want so many things…”

He breathes in, pulsing silence stretching between them as Fourth gains the courage to glance back at Gem. As he does, a new kind of determination settles in him. He’s already said as much, why doesn’t he finish? If he’s going to ruin this, he better says everything he wants, not dwelling on things he didn’t get to say later.

“I want to stay by your side,” Fourth says, a quiet confession in the small space of the kitchen. “I want to see your smiles, and be there for you when you cry. I want to be the one you talk to when you’re having a good day or a bad day,” he continues. “I want you to think

about me as much as I think about you. I want to listen to you talk about the music you like, about the new artists you find interesting, and whatever else that makes you happy. I want you to share those things with me. I want you to tell me about your day. I want to *kiss* you and *hug* you and be close to you all the time," his mouth twitches, embarrassed, but genuine. He's laying everything out in the table; baring his heart open to Gemini. "I want you to be clingy with me— because you're really cute when you are, and it makes me happy."

He fidgets with the hem of his tank-top, sweeps his sweaty hands on his pants. His heart is thundering in his chest — a storm swirling like a tornado in his ribcage.

"You're just so… *special* to me," he goes on. He doesn't think there are enough words to describe the magnitude of Fourth's affection and love for Gemini— the amount of value and meaning Gemini has in his life. "I want to kiss you every fucking day, because you deserve to be kissed silly and lovingly every day of your life. I want to make you laugh and smile and be the reason you want to go to work. I want to cook for you and have cats with you and all the cheesy, romantic, silly stuff. I want it *with you*."

His vision becomes blurry again. Even so, he's able to see Gemini's bare, emotional expression under the dim light of the kitchen.

"I want to know your soul, your thoughts, your mind, your *heart*," Fourth declares. "Because I want you completely. Every day. *Forever*."

He knows he's asking too much. He knows he's saying too much. And when the words are out of his mouth, he feels embarrassed. They're true— sincere and genuine from the bottom of his heart; but it's making him shy to be so open. He never talks about these things with Gemini. Not like *this*.

"…I don't know," he says, cheeks warming up. "I suppose I'm already yours; I have been for a while. Maybe since the first time we met, even," Fourth adds, as an afterthought, between amused and fond of the fact. "Maybe it was always meant to end like this."

He bites down his lips, shrugs one shoulder, looks at his side.

"So I—" he says, focused in the forgotten pan on the stove. In the love that bursts in waves out of him. "…I guess I just want to be allowed to be yours."

He looks back at Gemini again, tilting his chin up as he breathes in, deeply and long. A myriad of butterflies buzz inside his chest; his blood warming up.

"Because I'm in love with you," he says, soft.

Devastatingly so, he thinks. *I'm stupidly, madly and completely in love with you*.

"I fell in love with you, Gem…" he says, again. "And I don't think I'll ever love anyone like I love you."

A heartfelt admission. As true as the fact that the sky is blue and the grass is green and Fourth has never looked at anyone the way he looks at Gem.

It feels like a secret, but at the same time not. It *does* feel like a revelation — a huge one, fluttering in the air around them; holding the entire universe in it; made of stardust.

"I…"

Saying it out in the open makes it real — *tangible*. It feels like the whole world is holding its breath, waiting for Gemini to react to his confession.

"I'm so sorry," he says, because he feels the need to apologize for it. His feet fumble in the ground. "That's all. I'm sorry."

Gemini is quiet for a moment. *Too quiet*.

Then, he frowns.

He doesn't look mad. He doesn't look angry. He doesn't even look surprised.

He's *too calm.*

"…Why are you sorry?" he asks, and it's quiet. *Again*.

Fourth feels guilty. Maybe he shouldn't have said anything of this at all. Maybe he should've taken it to his grave.

He looks down, nails sinking into the palm of his hands.

"Because my feelings will trouble you now…"

A beat of silence. Gem doesn't say anything for a moment, but then…

He's moving. One step, two steps, three. Until the gap between them is barely nonexistent. *He's too close.* Fourth can see his sandals bump against Fourth's worn-out shoes on the floor.

"Fourth," he says. His voice is soft. "Look at me."

Gem does the same action he did before, tucking his knuckle under Fourth's chin and tipping Fourth's head back gently so Fourth is looking back at him.

The thing is, Fourth squeezes his eyes shut, embarrassed.

"Hey, look at me… Please."

He doesn't say anything else, just waits. And waits, and waits, and waits. Until Fourth finally opens his eyes. His pulse skyrockets as their eyes meet, and he has to breath through his mouth to keep himself from passing out.

Gemini lifts up his free hand, and slowly, ever so slowly, he places it over Fourth's chest.

It's different than the time they were kissing — his touch is delicate, and his hand spreads open over the upper curve of Fourth's sternum, lingering.

Fourth breathes, feeling fragile.

"…What are you doing?" he asks, and it's quiet.

Gemini smiles. It's so sweet it makes him crumble.

"Feeling your heart, FotFot," he says.

It's something so simple; *so simple*, yet it has Fourth's world turning upside down. He's folding, knees buckling, tears rolling down his face in a second.

He thinks Gemini is able to hear the way his heartbeat sings his name.

He thinks he *knows*.

"I love you," Fourth says, crying. "I love you so much."

"I know," Gemini says, the gentlest he's been. He thumbs at Fourth's tears to wipe them away, touch reverent and tender. "How could you ever think that will trouble me?"

Fourth sniffs, absolutely devastated. Gem's face softens.

"I love you too, you know?" he says, voice sweet. "I *love* you, FotFot."

He gently *thumps* his forehead against Fourth's, his hands holding his jaw steady, as if he was going to kiss him.

"And all those things you said—" he says, eyes an all-consuming fire, searing yet soft. "I want them too. I want *everything* you said. *With you*. *Only* you."

Fourth's entire body buzzes. He blinks, feeling his chest becoming a zoo— wild and crazy and an utter mess, emotions bubbling inside him like a gurgling pan.

Is this real? Is he dreaming?

"…You do?"

"I do," Gem smiles, between amused and endeared, and so incredibly fond. "I thought it was glaringly obvious already."

Fourth opens his mouth, "I *knew* that you loved me," he says, a tad bit embarrassed at his lack of awareness. "It's just— I didn't know if you… if your love was *this* kind of love."

"It is," Gem says. A confession. "Very much so."

"I…"

Fourth's chest swells with affection; his love bursting out of him in waves. Honey-dripping warmth spreads under his skin like it's buzzing inside his veins.

“You’re so…” Gem shakes his head, ridiculously affectionate. His thumbs trace Fourth's cheekbones, gentle. “How long have you been stressing over this, huh?”

Fourth doesn’t even have time to wince. He’s still trying to process Gemini’s words.

Gemini *loves* him. Gemini *wants* him.

It feels like an eternity for how long he’s been waiting to hear that.

“A while, I guess?” he says.

Gemini *does* wince, though, frowning at him as he apologizes.

“I’m sorry, I should’ve known this was stressing you out.”

Fourth shakes his head. He knows this is not entirely on Gem. Maybe if he had talked about this sooner, he would have been agonizing less.

“It’s not your fault.”

“I mean…” Gemini tilts his head. “I knew something was making you overthink, but I didn’t think it was *me* you were stressing over so much.”

Thinking back on it, it sounds dumb. But Fourth couldn’t help it. Gemini is far too important to mess anything up between them.

He was so *worried*— he keeps wondering if this is just a dream and he’s gonna wake up any soon.

“You know,” Gem continues. “You’re extremely emotional intelligent, and you always seem to know what I’m thinking or what I’m feeling without me needing to verbalize it to you,” he says. “That’s just something so magical to me. I don’t know how you do it.”

He pinches Fourth’s cheek fondly, not hard enough to hurt.

“What I’m saying is— I think that’s why I figured you knew how I felt all along. I should’ve told you.”

Fourth looks back at him. “…How you felt?” he echoes.

“Well, I…” Gem says, “I sort of thought we were kinda… I don’t know how to put it… in the talking stage by now? I shouldn’t have assumed that you knew.”

Fourth blinks.

“…You thought we were in the *talking stage?”*

“Or dating…?” Gem muses, “I thought we were not exactly *friends* anymore.”

Fourth splutters, “You thought we were *dating?”*

Maybe he shouldn't have said it like that— Gem suddenly looks shy, a faint blush dusting his cheeks as he pouts.

"*Ai'Fot*," he whines. "This is embarrassing, don't make fun of me."

"I'm not, I'm just…"

He's *seriously* not making fun of him, but he can't *believe* Gemini thought they were *dating* all this time, meanwhile Fourth was solely agonizing over a supposedly one-sided crush. He feels stupid. Since when? Is that why Gemini kept acting like his boyfriend after some time? What? Huh?

"...I'm just processing..." he decides on saying, stunned.

"I— well, you know I don't have much experience with dating, so I don't really know how it works," he tries to explain, "How it'd work between *us*— but I knew we were feeling something and that at some point this stopped being about practicing and just… we wanted to do it, so I… thought there was something different."

Fourth opens his mouth— closes it, opens it again. There's so much he could say.

"Yeah," he confirms, exhaling long and deep. "This stopped being about practicing *long ago*."

Gemini must detect the tone of his voice, because he starts snickering at Fourth's unbelievable realization that this was mutual for *so long* and he knew *nothing*.

"I think I realized after a moment that—" Gemini admits, "—maybe when I suggested it in the first place, it was deep down because I wanted to kiss you without people around. Without someone telling us the angle and how we should do it, just… us. I was wondering if it'd be different."

Fourth blinks once again. *What.*

"It mattered to me doing it right in the next series, *yes*, but I guess I was curious about that too. I thought about it once and then I couldn't stop. It was always in the back of my head. I know why know."

Fourth stares.

"Maybe you were always a bit in love with me," he says, breathless.

Gemini smiles, soft. "I was."

Fourth's mouth wobbles at Gem's honest comeback, his cheeks warming up.

"You're not supposed to *agree* with me," he hushes, ears flaming hot, flustered.

Gem laughs, amused and endeared and all too fond.

“Why? It’s true,” he says, “You’re really charming, FotFot. I guess you had me in the palm of your hand since the beginning.”

Gemini’s grin is *devastating*— so, *so* beautiful. Boyish and gleeful and so full of joy. He’s sunshine incarnate; happiness in the form of a person; *so* love-shaped.

And Fourth is so utterly, unequivocally, head-over-heels in love with him.

“*Gem*.”

He’s not going to survive if Gemini acts this flirty all the time. Scratch that, he’s not going to survive being in love with Gemini Norawit just by his sole *presence*.

“*So*,” Gemini says, all giggly. “Now that you officially know how I feel…”

“Now that I know…?”

Gemini’s smile is the prettiest thing Fourth has ever seen. He hooks his arms behind Fourth’s back again, hugging himself close to Fourth, smile widening when Fourth holds his waist, like being hugged like this is all he’s ever known in his life.

“Will you be my boyfriend?” he asks.

It’s nothing huge, but it *feels* like that. It feels like Fourth has been waiting an eternity to hear those words.

There, in Gemini’s embrace, there’s nothing that could ever hurt him.

There, he’s safe. He’s at home. He’s *loved* back.

He feels like he’s floating— feet over the floor, dancing around clouds and stars and Gemini’s warm existence.

He smiles.

“Yes,” he says.

Gemini smiles back. He carries the sun in his mouth.

“And are you going to tell me what else do you want to do with me?” he teases.

Fourth turns on his coquettish mood, grin turning flirty as he tip-toes to get closer to him.

“I think most things I didn’t say right now can’t be said out loud, Norawit.”

Gemini tries to be smooth too, but the sudden flirting makes him visibly flustered.

He arches both eyebrows, teasing back nonetheless when he’s able to gain back his composure.

“You have *no shame,* Mr. Nattawat.”

Fourth hums, eyes sparkling. He's *so* happy. "Would you prefer if I had?"

"Not really," Gem says, without missing a beat. "I love you the way you are."

He sounds so genuine it makes Fourth's heart flutter— doing flips over and over inside.

"How did you say it…?" Gem mulls it over, "Ah. I want your heart, and your soul, and *you*."

He leans down and kisses Fourth's cheek. Fourth's skin grows warm, as if Gem would've passed somehow on his own warmth to Fourth by the contact.

"I love your kindness," Gem says, kissing his other cheek. "I love the way you care about everyone, about *me*."

He cups Fourth's cheeks, touch ever so gentle as he stares at him.

"I love the way you know me," he says. "And I love how I can be completely myself when I'm with you."

His smile is *so* sweet. Fourth wants to carry it inside his heart.

"You're part of the best memories in my life, and I'm sure you'll be in the future, too," Gem says.

Then, he leans forward and pecks Fourth's lips, lingering just a bit as he tastes Fourth's warmth in his mouth. He's *kind*; syrupy and incredibly soft. As if he wanted to pour out the gentlest of feelings in the kiss.

"Thank you for being here for me," he says, voice barely above a whisper. His eyes shine the sweetest shade of brown. "I was truly born to meet you, FotFot."

Fourth wants to cry again. The ache and yearning and longing inside his chest ease up, replaced with ineffable, endless affection. *Love*.

He didn't think he'd ever be able to love someone the way he loves Gemini Norawit.

"Thank you for being in my life, too," Fourth says.

Gemini giggles.

"You'll have me for the rest of your life," he singsongs. "I hope that makes you happy."

Fourth smiles — adoringly, fondly, and so full of love.

Free.

"It does," he says, giddy; soft. "It really does."

Because Gemini Norawit is the sun itself, and he makes Fourth the happiest person alive.

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(And Fourth will be *his*, until the stars fall from the sky, until all the rivers in the world run dry, until the sun no longer shines, until the end of all times.

For the *eternity*. In this lifetime, and the next, and the next. *And the next.*

Fourth will always, *always* fall in love with Gemini Norawit.)

Author's Final Notes:

ah... it's over...

thank u so much for reading <333 :') i hope this made u all happy!

pardon me, but allow me to write a couple of words here because ao3 was being mean and saying i was talking too much lmaooo (i exceeded the 5K character limit in the ending notes with my emotional ass, so i was struggling to save this chapter because of that..... but i didn't want to delete my notes to u all..... so alas..... here we are now).

spare me a bit to say a few words. i'm gonna be very sappy & ramble a lot, so feel free to skip my emotional yapping. this is the first i finish a long (to me) fic, & it kind of feels huge to me... so i wanted to make a heartfelt speech. hm. *clears throat* *taps mic*

it's funny. if i compare the original first draft of this fic to what's written and posted here... it actually came out pretty different to what i originally envisioned in my head. this was supposed to be a longshot - maybe a three-chapter silly fic & nothing more. nevertheless, I

think writing this was a way for me to explore the beautiful bond geminifourth have, & for that i'm very happy. this is my love letter - to them, to the fandom, to all the wonderful khunnoos, & all the lovely people who stuck with me all along during this journey & kept reading this for a year, always so supportive and encouraging when i wasn't feeling great about it :') this is for every friend of mine in the fandom. i love you all so much. & i appreciate every single praise given to me bc of this fic. i don't think i'll ever be deserving of that.

i honestly never imagined i would get so many people to read this. i was just being self-indulgent & very, very silly one night when i started writing this, & here were are now, 40K words after. wow. it's incredible. i met such loving, amazing people because of this fic, & i think it allowed me to connect a bit better with the fandom when i posted it, which i'm very grateful for :')))

beyond everything, i'm just so incredibly happy this fic could bring so much joy to khunnoos. people kept telling me how this fic was a comfort zone to them, how they kept re-reading it on bad days & this just kept me going till the end. i don't think i'll ever be able to explain how much this makes me happy; how much this means to me. bc of this, this fic also became a comfort zone to me.

these past days, my depression hadn't been too kind to me - a lot of irl stuff happening again. but as i was writing this to distract myself, i realized this healed me for lapses of time - writing this, i could focus on my love for the boys, & the way i wanted my world to be for a moment. so, i just hope, no matter how much time passes, u all can come back to this as a source of comfort, too.

i've said it already, but i think the way u can share joy & happiness with others with what u create is something truly so magical. i'm very glad i was able to do that with this. i hope this fic keeps being a safe zone to all of u, and i hope u can keep coming back to it for some warmth when u're feeling down or sad. i hope this was able to keep u company in ur darkest days & cheer u up. if this fic made u smile, or made ur days any better, consider my job done.

remember u're not alone in this world. take care of yourselves, everyone. i love you, & i'm very grateful for ur existence in this world. thank you for your kindness. please be kind to yourselves too! thank u endlessly for being here for me every step of the way. this fic holds such a dear place in my heart because of all of u. i appreciate every person who read this, from the bottom of my heart. thank you. thank you, thank you, thank you. i think i won't ever be able to thank u all enough.

i'm truly blessed this fic is so dearly loved. ty for enjoying this silly project with me, & making me happy supporting it :') ty for ur endless patience during the slow updates & for always waiting for them so kindly. it truly means the world to me.

i'm very happy this fic is special to you all. i love you very much. <3

Chapter End Notes

.....and i don't think i have more to say, except that if you're so kind as to leave a comment if you liked this, i'd truly appreciate it. as i always say, comments are very encouraged and welcomed! :') i'd love to hear ur thoughts about this chapter & the whole fic <3 so if u can and have time, please let me know in the comments ur opinions & ur thoughts! i want to know ur feelings, favorite dialogues/lines/descriptions/scenes, or anything that stood out to u. everything is welcomed & deeply appreciated & loved <3 :') it means so much to me. comments give me so much serotonin (which i need haha TT--TT).

as i've mentioned before, my twitter is @iluvgem4th :') in case u're interested in dropping a follow. <3 lately it's been gathering dust & spider webs as i hadn't been there for a while for personal reasons, but as always, i hope i can come back very soon :') i miss it. i miss my dear friends. my twt is just me being silly, keysmashing & crying about the boys, with ocassional coherent analysis of their characters & adoration to their lovely friendship <3

kissing u all in ur foreheads, bye-bye!! i hope u have a wonderful week. i love you all sm <3 remember to take care of yourselves!!!!!! drink enough water, eat healthy, do the things u like !!!!! till next time my dear sweethearts and pretty cupcakes <3

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!